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PDC
WARD TELLER.
ould the Senate Ratify
ALT Accords? see page 744

JULY 7, 1972

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Welfare State

**Boob-bait for
McGovernites**

GEORGE F. WILL

The New-Left Rightists

in Bolivia

SELDEN RODMAN

Hoffa- Baptized

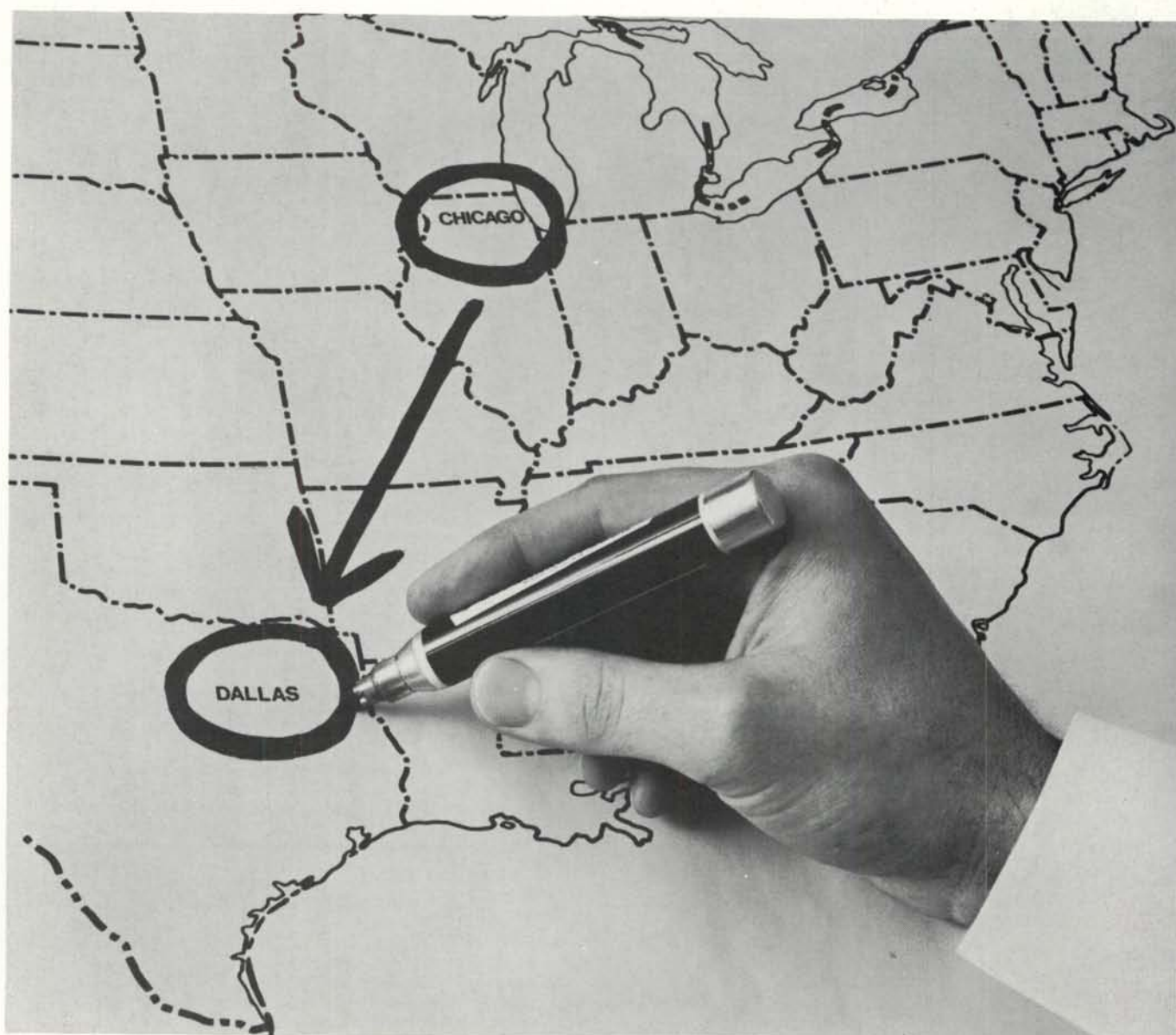
CHARLES WALLEN JR.

Also in This Issue:

Lejeune on the Pearce
Commission ♦ Jeffrey Bell
on the Whalen book ♦ David
Brudnoy on James Baldwin
♦ & Alec Waugh, Norbert
Muhlen, Jared Lobdell, plus
Kirk, Rickenbacker,
Burnham, Buckley.

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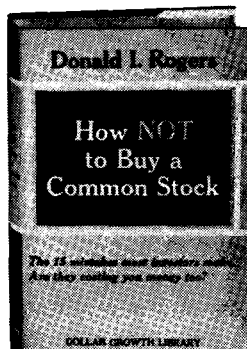
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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 26

JULY 7, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we offer another expert opinion of the Moscow agreements limiting ABM and offensive nuclear weapons. Shortly after President Nixon's return from the Soviet Union, our Editor found himself seated on a plane next to Dr. **Edward Teller**, an expert indeed. They chatted about the agreements, and parted with a promise from Dr. Teller to expand his ideas for publication. Dr. Teller takes a somewhat less negative and perhaps less gloomy view than Donald G. Brennan (NR, June 23). We hope to offer more comment on SALT/ABM in future issues. . . . **George F. Will**, Washington insider and soon to be our book review editor-cum-man in the capital, discloses a great truth about the welfare state: It has nothing to do with welfare or the disadvantaged, a great deal to do with the kind of entrenched special interests they used to call "fat cats." . . . **Jeffrey Bell** is another insider: He served on the Nixon campaign staff last time around, and so is well qualified to judge Richard Whalen's important new book on Nixon's abandonment of conservatism—which, Whalen says and Bell agrees, occurred well before Election Day. . . . Filing from Bolivia, where Gulf Oil is no longer welcome, **Selden Rodman** discerns hope for American investment in Latin America—provided we rewrite a few of the old, established rules. —CHS

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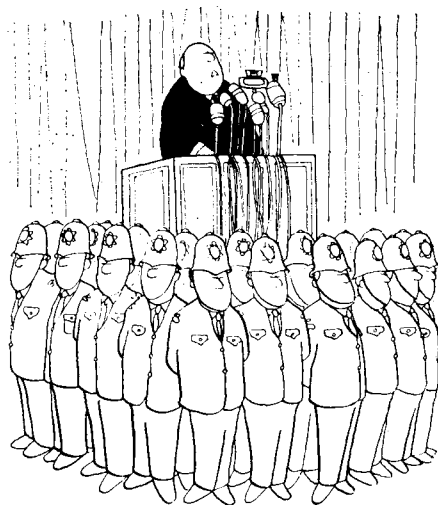
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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Convention Countdown:** CBS News **p.p. Bill Leonard** says if there's violence at conventions this year, networks will cover it "much more thoroughly" than in '68. And **Walter Cronkite** expects trouble, mostly at GOP's outing, because kids of all ages want (get this) "redress of grievances." . . . But **Miami Snowplow Co.**, oddly named group that was to provide facilities for (it said) 200,000 demonstrators in Miami Beach, has disbanded because "authorities have not even begun to make any practical, sensible plan" for the influx. . . . Gay Lib's **Chuck La-mong** says if Democrats don't adopt platform plank stressing homosexual rights, he'll muster ten thousand gays for "kiss-in" outside convention hall. . . . Ban that boomlet: Sen. **Mike Gravel** (D., Alaska) quietly offering self as perfect man for Number Two spot on Democratic ticket; has wooed Wisconsin delegation, maybe others. . . . Party reform or no, Chicago Mayor **Richard Daley** will again head Illinois delegation (as he has every Convention since 1956). Attempt to get Sen. **Adlai Stevenson III** elected chairman fizzled.

■ Stars for **McGovern** twinkling all over. Latest bash, in London, featured **Tony Curtis**, **Lee Remick**, **Joe Mankiewicz**, **Mama Cass Elliot**. . . . And **Variety** headlined the N.Y.C. spectacular this way: "250G NAME-DROP; AVEC MIKE & ELAINE: BEATTY STAGE MGR.: MCGOVERN N.S.H." Translation: stars and cash aplenty were there, but McGovern's speech was disappointing rehash—"Not So Hot." . . . On McGovern bandwagon: **Max Rafferty's** son **Dennis**; Harvard junior **Jamie Galbraith**, son of, Convention delegate who predicts if his man is nominated "we'll have five million volunteers out on election day, motivated by sheer hatred."

■ Local politics: Superliberal Massa-



Pyre, Punch

Ben Roth Agency

"Friends . . ."

chusetts Democratic Party adopted platform calling for out-of-Vietnam-now, legalized grass etc., then nominated lawnmower hardliner **John J. Droney** to run (in vain, of course) against Sen. **Edward Brooke**. . . . **Dan "Police Riot" Walker**, upset winner of Democratic gubernatorial primary in Illinois, reported running low on cash in campaign against Republican **Richard Ogilvie**. Daley forces not helping Walker much. . . . **Peter J. Booras**, architect of write-in-Agnew drive in New Hampshire that got Veep 48,000 primary votes (more than **Muskie** or McGovern), running for U.S. Senate. . . . Upstate N.Y. Rep. **Howard Robison**, Republican who's been Goodellish of late (ACU rating down to 20 per cent), now faces challenge from energetic 24-year-old **Patrick M. O'Neil**, grad student, newspaperman and YAF member, running on Conservative Party line.

■ If Sen. **J. William Fulbright's** move to cut USIA funds hadn't been repelled, reports Sen. **James Buckley**, Voice of America would have been cut from 780 hours weekly in 34 languages to 454

hours in eleven (Soviet Union broadcasts 1,903 hours in 84 languages). . . . **John Gardner's** "Common Cause" now biggest lobby on Hill—took in \$1,180,000 in last quarter of 1971. . . . **Bella Abzug** (bye-bye!) ordered 136-page insertion of pro-abortion material in *Congressional Record*, cost to taxpayers estimated at \$18,000.

■ **National Committee for Responsible Patriotism** presenting newsman/activist **Charles Wiley** in report on month-long trip to Vietnam (Wiley's fourth), at Commodore Hotel in N.Y.C. evening of June 29. . . . Right-thinker **Ted Laguer** working to organize conservative organization of Puerto Rican youth (perhaps within YAF, perhaps separate), 1850 3rd Ave., N.Y.C. 10029. . . . Socialist Party's organ *New America* plugging committee headed by **H. Stuart Hughes**, **Norman Podhoretz**, to protest Russian harassment of **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn**.

■ No comment for home consumption from Hanoi on **Nixon** Moscow trip, so we're dropping hundreds of thousands of leaflets over North Vietnam, showing cozy pictures of Nixon and **Brezhnev**. . . . For first time since 1954, all Party members in USSR must turn in membership cards and reapply, which means going through loyalty/security check. . . . Mrs. **Lena Titov**, wife of Soviet artist who emigrated to Italy last month, says 64 paintings he had shipped there from Russia arrived disfigured by sulphuric acid. . . . **Oleg Prokofiev**, son of the great composer, has defected from Soviet Union to England.

■ Committee of noted liberals has petitioned, bought full-page ads, been turned down by Gen. **Moshe Dayan**, in its campaign to aid imprisoned **Giora Neumann**, Israel's one (1) and absolutely only draft-dodger.

LETTERS

McGovern's Funny Money

In Alan Reynolds' listing of the means through which McGovern plans to pay for his budget ["Funny Money," May 26], he discounts the \$63.6 billion which McGovern claims he will be able to raise by abolishing the personal exemption on individual tax returns (an exemption which he believes will no longer be needed because of his Minimum Income Grant program).

It is important to note that McGovern has presented (see the May 4 issue of the *New York Review of Books*) his Minimum Income Grant program and his tax reform program as complements. Through tax reform he claims he can raise \$17 billion from reformed corporation taxes, \$6 billion from reformed taxes on the rich, \$5 billion from reformed inheritance taxes, \$1 billion from a welfare cost reduction, and \$63.6 billion from the elimination of the personal exemption: all totaling around \$92 billion to pay for a \$43-billion Minimum Income Grant program!

This, of course, leaves a considerable surplus (say \$50 billion), which, when added to a \$30-billion saving through a reduction of "defense" spending, is capable of financing McGovern's other humane proposals. Even if McGovern is unable to come up with all you suggest he needs (\$126 billion) to accomplish what he has promised, I ask you how much weight can your criticism have when McGovern's economic view has been able to turn up \$80 billion for humane programs that no other candidate's platform can begin to match (certainly including the policies of President Nixon)?

Your disregarding of \$63 billion is inexcusably irresponsible. I find the cloak of reason with which you dressed your political prejudices quite unpalatable, and wish you'd just come right out and say you're against anyone who wants to redistribute income by taxing the rich. Why bother with all the sophistry?

Williamsburg, Va. WALTER SIMPSON

"If the personal exemption were removed," wrote McGovern, "the Federal Government would receive \$63.6 billion in additional revenues. . . ." From whom? All exemptions, including those for the blind and aged, total \$106.3 billion, but only \$7.9 billion in total exemptions are granted to those earning over \$20,000 a year. That leaves at least \$45 billion in exemptions to be given up by those with modest incomes, so that they can receive

back only \$43 billion in grants. (Did someone mention "sophistry"?) If it is to mean anything at all to say that \$43 billion will be "transferred to lower-income groups," then that transfer must be over and above any offsetting tax increases on the same groups.

By McGovern's own calculations, he could only get \$11 billion through extreme taxation of the wealthy. What is so "humane" about taxing the poor to pay for the balance? —AR

Geltman Replies

Wouldn't you know it! If there was one man on earth who was sure to have read both Gjellerup and Pontoppidan (in the original Danish, no doubt) it would be Guy Davenport of Lexington, Ky. ["Letters," June 9]. And I am sure grateful to him for his masterly grading of my "lively essay" on the Nobel prize for literature. He is right in pointing out that the Nobel prize for literature was—in terms of the original will—confined to "the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency." But what Mr. Davenport failed to add was that the will was disputed from the beginning, and that "by degrees the concept of 'a work of an idealistic tendency' has changed," according to N. Stahle, the final authority on the subject. In any case, I didn't suggest that "excellence" was the criterion for the prize. The title of my piece—"Some Reflections on the Geopolitical Nature of Nobel Prizes"—would clearly indicate that.

New York, N. Y.

MAX GELTMAN

Mano on Columbia

Thank you for printing D. Keith Mano's article, "Coming Out at Columbia" [April 28]. I happen to be a 25-year-old graduate student (not at Columbia), who is not only white and Anglo-Saxon, but a longtime reader of *NR*, a practicing Catholic, and a homosexual. Talk about minority groups. Mr. Mano's article is one of the few I've ever read on the subject that made much sense to me. Writing without the usual pressures to be "liberal," he is genuinely reasonable, and is sympathetic without being patronizing.

When will people realize that we aren't all Gay Libbers, professional homosexual missionaries or child molesters? Some of us just happened to pause in the middle of what we were doing one day and realize we had an undeniable and seemingly honorable love for (and, yes, physical attraction to) another good, decent male. I don't claim to have the answers to the

problems raised by the situation, but more intelligent, conscientious thinking like Mr. Mano's would go far to aid both the homosexual and society.

New York, N.Y.

NAME WITHHELD

I am "coming out" to thank D. Keith Mano for his article on the GPC lounge at Columbia. Yes, I am a gay and a conservative. This would be thought to be an indefensible position by our liberal survivors, but I hasten to tell them, and you, that the great majority of my gay friends are conservative or middle-of-the-road. Unfortunately, the gay "fringies" tend to speak for gays because they have far less to lose than we Establishment-types. Most gays are the first to realize that they would be even more persecuted in the controlled society envisioned by the ultra Left, New Left, Old Left et al.

We have often read the sneering remarks directed at homosexuality. Unhappily, the conservative press has also been guilty (though it is almost preferable to the liberal propagandists' frothing over us). We simply seek the freedom to engage in sexual acts with the consenting adult of our choice. There are certainly more ludicrous demands being made in today's insane world.

In the Gay Lounge article, the writer treats the problems of homosexuals with a degree of understanding and humanity without being condescending. Gays often say that those who ridicule homosexuality the most doubt their own sexuality the most. If this be true, I salute Mr. Mano as a true man.

Perhaps someday, I'll be able to sign my name to such a letter.

New York, N.Y.

NAME WITHHELD

Thrust—Parry

For almost a decade I have been one of your assiduous readers, one for whom *NATIONAL REVIEW* has been, on the whole, a delightful source of information and perspective. Never has *NATIONAL REVIEW* offended my taste or irked me in my principles. Never . . . until I read Guy Davenport's review-article entitled "The Ways of the French" ["Books," March 31].

Ninety per cent of this piece is so banal as to lead one to believe that it was culled from ordinary textbooks or, worse, biographical dictionaries. As for Mr. Davenport's opinions (the remaining 10 per cent), one can only say that they are grossly wrong because they are based on mere "assiduous skimming" of the works he attempted to review, and on evident prejudice, in this case Francophobia or perhaps simply know-nothing isolationist nationalism (*ça existe*).

True, Céline is a most unusual writer, even in the context of French literature. He was not destined to appeal to many readers. Having lived in the United States for many years and knowing my fellow Americans fairly well, I can easily understand that Céline is doomed, perhaps for-

er, not to be understood or appreciated
re. Incidentally, Mr. Davenport fails to
comment on the quality of this transla-
tion. Such information is expected in a
reliable review of a book in translation.

But, if Mr. Davenport cannot be objec-
tive in his comments on Céline, he did not
have to hypocritically cast aspersions on
Voltaire, Diderot, Montaigne, Voltaire
(Genet deserves it). Nor did he have to
make a gross statement such as "Céline's
style . . . to write a readable prose is
very French." Such comments betray a
bias that, I like to hope, is unworthy
of NATIONAL REVIEW, for it is based on
excessive carelessness, pettiness and igno-
rance, as exemplified by a statement such
as "naturalism is a mode of fiction." How
about naturalist drama? Obviously, Mr.
Davenport could not care less. In fact,
to him, "there are few things more point-
less and silly than the modern attempts at
drama." (One would hope Mr. Davenport
used the word "modern" carelessly. Even
if he did use it to mean twentieth-century
drama, what know-nothingism!)

Céline was too queer, or vulgar, or
French, as a result, to please Mr. Daven-
port. (Incidentally, he who repeats vul-
garities is himself vulgar.) Toward Girau-
doux, who was a distinguished gentleman,
he is merely condescending. "Giraudoux
is, to be sure, a charming writer. He
shines. He spins. . . ." He is perfectly free
to dislike Giraudoux as anyone is, of
course. But why again generalize on the
French people and the whole of French
literature? Why say that adultery spoiled
French literature? This, as almost all of
Mr. Davenport's extrapolations, is an in-
sult to any cultured or merely rational
reader, as is his conclusion: "How strange
are the customs of France!" How strange
are Mr. Davenport's reviews! How sur-
prising to find them in NATIONAL REVIEW!

Mr. Davenport's conservatism is prob-
ably orthodox enough, but it does not
qualify him to comment on French litera-
ture, especially when, as he says, he has
neither the time nor the inclination to do
so. You know what happens to enterprises
when compliance to an ideology is pre-
ferred to competence.

Easton, Pa.

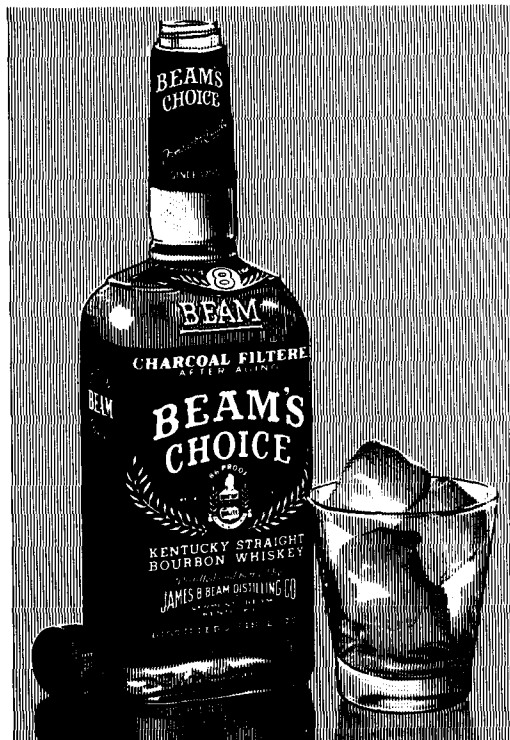
JPC

My review of Céline's *North* is not based
on skimming. I said that Céline's style
tempts readers to skim, as indeed it does.
It is an eccentric style, extremely difficult
to follow, and wearying to the eye. I
made my remarks about it immediately
after quoting Céline, who says that he
ought to be ashamed to write in the way
he did.

My source for the biographical details
(which I assume readers are interested to
have) is the *Dizionario universale della
letteratura contemporanea*, Vol. 1, Verona
1959.

If my opinions of Céline (and what else
did Monsieur C. expect to find in a re-
(Continues on page 761)

Don't lean on it.



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Beam's Choice as a method
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THIS YEAR!**



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elections and now we're being
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THE WEEK

■ The Compleat Candidate, or, Just a Soupçon of Chervil on Mine, Mabel: "My favorite sandwich is peanut butter, baloney, cheddar cheese, lettuce and mayonnaise on toasted bread with lots of catsup on the side. Another favorite is a toasted peanut butter, cheese and bacon sandwich, or if I am in a hurry just peanut butter and jelly. Also I like peanut butter and cheese on crackers. Give me the crunchy or the smooth, I'm not fussy. In other words, I just love peanut butter."—*Hubert H. Humphrey, writing in reply to a letter from the Georgia Peanut Princess. Quoted in Monday, June 12, 1972.*

■ The Nixon Court has upheld, 6 to 3, the individual's right of private association. The ruling came out of a case involving K. Leroy Irvis, the black majority leader of the Pennsylvania House, who was refused restaurant service at a Moose lodge (even though he was the guest of a member). Irvis argued he had been denied equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment and that Pennsylvania's granting the lodge a liquor license constituted "state action," thus putting it under the constitutional mandate not to discriminate. The Court disagreed on both counts. Justice Rehnquist wrote the majority opinion (Justices Douglas, Brennan and Marshall dissented) stating that the Fourteenth Amendment does not apply to private behavior and that for the state to deny all services to a private facility because of its membership practices would "utterly emasculate the distinction between private as distinguished from state conduct." The decision significantly checks the Warren Court's expansion of the "state action" doctrine.

■ The American Conservative Union has polled its members. Results show grass-roots conservatives are conservative as ever (and are unlikely to change by November 7). They are most concerned about: runaway

budget deficits (22 per cent), defense (22 per cent), FAP (20 per cent) and busing (19 per cent). Wage and price controls were far down on the list with 6 per cent. Sixty-three per cent of the ACU membership supported John Ashbrook's challenge to President Nixon.

■ *Lovely party.* Everyone there (except Tom Wolfdrat it!). Galbraith, Schlesinger, Dottie Schiff, Buchwald, Kempton, all drinky-clinking in the Hunt Room of 21 to celebrate the publication of *In Critical Condition: The Crisis in America's Health Care*, a new book by, so it says on the jacket, Edward M. Kennedy. Hmmm, sniffed some skeptics, funny publication date, just a month before the Convention. Nonsense, said trusting types, publication date was picked *three whole months* ago. Anyhow, party over, on to appearances on *Today*, *Dick Cavett*, *David Frost* shows. Just to plug book. Hmmm. Meanwhile, *Boston Globe* reporter quotes Teddy as saying "I don't want to exclude all the possibilities," including draft for Number Two spot on McGovern ticket. Despite which T., asked if he'd take Number Two spot, tells *N.Y. Post* reporter, "No!" Back to *Globe* man. Turns out he and Teddy went over that story very carefully. (Reporter: "If McGovern could prove to you that you were needed, would you accept?" Kennedy: "Write this down: 'In my own mind, if it would make a difference, it would really make a difference'.") Back to Teddy: Asked if *Globe* story was true, he said he'd "answered in the affirmative, but I think that's a far reach from saying I'd accept the nomination." Question for discussion: What is Teddy Kennedy up to?

■ Having had a few financial ups and downs of late, the Irvings are trying to recoup. Artist-wife Edith has her paintings up for sale but, as it turns out, very few people are buying. At the first auction everybody stood around gawking, hoping that, as one onlooker said, "Howard Hughes does the decent thing and comes to buy a few of her paintings." Meanwhile Clifford is working on *the* book, *What Really Happened*, and might after all do that headache commercial he turned down. He goes to jail for thirty months August 28, the day the wife gets out, and by the time *he* gets out who knows how many people will really care about what really happened?

■ The last time Owen Lattimore appeared before a congressional committee he was asked rude questions about his Communist affiliations. That was twenty years ago and, thank goodness, times change. This time the committee only wanted to ask Lattimore his valued opinion of our new friends the Chinese. Senator William Proxmire had to get something off his chest: He apologized to Lattimore for the "terrible attacks by my predecessor, Joe McCarthy," which, Proxmire said, "hounded" Lattimore out of the country. But, apparently missing the Senator's cue, Lattimore said he wasn't hounded at all, he merely left because he got a good job abroad. Almost enough to make a senator tear his hair.

■ Minnesota's Democratic Farmer Labor Party (as the

Look at It This Way

In '68 I went for Dick
Because I liked his rhetoric,
Yet four years later here I sit
Continuously in a snit.
Now enter George McGovern who
Seems socialistic through and through;
And yet the way he's shifting gears,
My fears may soften into leers
Until a Univac can't sense
Ten pennies worth of difference.

W. H. VON DREELE

How Much of Yesterday's Heresy
Is
Today's Science?

IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY *Reconsidered*

Special Issue • Pensée Magazine • Stephen L. Talbott, Editor • First Printing: 35,000

During the 1950's Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky published his bestsellers, *Worlds in Collision* and *Earth in Upheaval*, in which he argued that the earth suffered a series of cosmic catastrophes during historical times. These upheavals, he claimed, sculpted our planet's face and changed the course of history, bringing an end to Egypt's Middle Kingdom,

destroying civilizations around the world, and figuring in the Israelite Exodus. (This last receives detailed treatment in *Ages in Chaos*.) Initially castigated for his views by scientists, Velikovsky has now been vindicated by numerous space-age discoveries. This special issue of *Pensee* surveys the evidence.

The Scientific Mafia — *David Stove, senior lecturer, department of philosophy, University of Sydney, Australia*

How Stable is the Solar System? — *Dr. C. J. Ransom, plasma physicist, General Dynamics*

A Record of Success

37 documented confirmations of Velikovsky's scientific claims, most of which were considered unlikely or impossible when he first voiced them. For example, regarding the moon, Velikovsky deduced (before the Apollo landings) that (1) the lunar "rocks and lavas could conceivably be rich in remanent magnetism resulting from strong currents when in the embrace of exogenous magnetic fields"; (2) "Since the moon was heated and its surface became molten only a few thousand years ago, the temperature gradient under the surface crust will show, to some depth, a mounting curve"; and (3) "excessively strong radioactivity will be detected in localized areas" on the moon.

Lunar Rocks and Velikovsky's Claims — *Dr. Derek York, associate professor, geophysics division, University of Toronto*

When Was the Lunar Surface Last Molten? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

Magnetic Remanence of Lunar Rocks/A Candid Look at Scientific Misbehavior — *Robert Treash, San Diego Evening College*

"One or more Apollo missions could have been spared were Velikovsky's books and memoranda considered."

On Decoding Hawkins' Stonehenge Decoded — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

A full-length analysis of Stonehenge and its meaning in the light of cosmic catastrophes during man's history.

The Censorship of Velikovsky's Interdisciplinary Synthesis — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*

The Center Holds — *Dr. William Mullen, departments of classics and comparative literature, and division of interdisciplinary and general studies, University of California (Berkeley)*

Shapley, Velikovsky and the Scientific Spirit — *Dr. Horace Kallen, co-founder and former dean of the graduate faculty, and research professor in social philosophy, New School for Social Research*

Einstein's reaction to the suppressive efforts against Velikovsky is revealed in a letter 30 days before his death.

Velikovsky at Harvard — *Stephen Talbott, editor, Pensee magazine*

The dramatic story of Velikovsky's lecture and seminar last February 17-18 to an enthusiastic crowd at Harvard.

Is Venus' Heat Decreasing? — *Immanuel Velikovsky*

Akhnaten, Aten and Venus Reconsidered — *Lewis Greenberg, assistant professor, department of art, Franklin and Marshall College*

Could Mars Have Been an Inner Planet? — *Dr. Lynn Rose, professor, department of philosophy, State University of New York (Buffalo)*

Venus' Circular Orbit — *Chris Sherrerd, electrical engineer, Bell Laboratories*

Also:

Dr. Lynn Trainor, professor, department of physics, University of Toronto (Ontario)

Dr. George Grinnell, assistant professor, department of history, McMaster University (Ontario)

Dr. David Carlyle, physicist, Cosmos and Chronos Campus Study Groups

Dr. Lionel Rubinov, professor, department of philosophy, Trent University (Ontario)

J. Dwayne Hamilton, senior lecturer, department of physics, Selkirk College (British Columbia)

Dr. Mary Buckalew, assistant professor, department of English, North Texas State University

George Dubokovic, head, department of modern languages, Selkirk College

Dr. Charles Thaxton, post doctoral research fellow, department of the history of science, Harvard

Raymond Vaughan, senior technician, Carborundum Company

Robert Wright, senior development engineer, Princeton Applied Research Corporation

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Gentlemen: Please send me _____ copies of "Immanuel Velikovsky Reconsidered" at \$2.00 each (\$1.50 each for 10 or more; \$1.00 each for 100 or more). Enclosed is my check or money order.

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Democratic Party is there known) just had its convention, and the platform that came out of it is a monument to the Democrats' new intraparty reforms. Activists from many radical factions, most of them supporters of George McGovern, dominated the hectic platform proceedings. When the dust settled, the party had endorsed legalization of marijuana, "marriage" for homosexuals, and unconditional amnesty for draft evaders. Amid outraged reactions from the grass roots and rumblings of a splinter labor party, regular Democrats are scurrying for cover, claiming the delegates were unrepresentative and admitting that if a Democrat runs for election on such a platform he'll get swamped. Republicans joyfully agree.

■ John Lindsay discovered this spring that absentee-mayorism can lead to a certain lack of recognition, regardless of how young, handsome, dynamic, charismatic et cetera one is. After his presidential campaign was over, he happened to be back in New York one day, to testify in a lawsuit. "State your full name," said the court clerk. "John Vliet Lindsay." "John what?" "John Vliet, capital Vliet, Lindsay," replied His Honor. "John Capital Vliet Lindsay?" asked the clerk, understandably puzzled. There may be hope for Fun City after all.

■ The Stockholm Conference on the Environment is over. While it lasted, three tons of paper and newsprint were turned out each day and Stockholm streets were impassable because most of the antipolluters preferred taxis or limousines to the shuttle-buses and bikes provided. But, of course, the conference was a success. We will soon have a new UN agency, the UN Environmental Agency, and we will soon have a UN Environmental Fund. There will also be a UN Environmental Sweat-shirt. Those who want one should send a check for \$34 straight to the makers: Mr. and Mrs. U Thant, UN Basement, N.Y., N.Y.

■ It didn't take long for the FCC's "fairness doctrine" to be reduced to an absurdity. First, the broadcasters were ordered to offer "equal time," free of charge, to balance all "controversial" remarks. Time is money, especially TV time, so right away television became even more bland. Next, the courts ordered free commercials to balance the "controversial" ads for cigarettes, high-powered cars and leaded gasoline. By continuing to run the ordinary ads of a department store that was being boycotted by a union, a station was held to be implicitly endorsing only one viewpoint on a controversial issue and told to give the union its say. Now the Federal Trade Commission has gone all the way, advocating free "counteradvertising" against *any* commercials that say too much or not enough. While the advertisers are restricted in their claims by the FTC and by the ire of disappointed customers, their critics would not be, by anyone. By thus saturating the limited amount of commercial time available and encouraging advertisers to turn to other media, the counteradvertising principle

might go a long way toward destroying free commercial television.

■ A group called Americans for Human Rights in Ukraine has issued a challenge to President Nixon and to American jurists and journalists: Since Nixon invited Soviet observers to the trial of Angela Davis, and since one Soviet and one East German journalist accepted the invitation and sat through the whole trial, we ought to insist the Soviets reciprocate and invite American observers to the upcoming trial of Ukrainian dissidents. If the Soviets refused, it would be a public admission that they had something to hide. And if they did invite observers, the group believes, "the presence of the Western press at the trials . . . would most assuredly either provide acquittal for those charged, or else Soviet justice would be exposed in the international forum as a mockery of human rights."

■ The more rights the better, right? Hubert Humphrey offers a full dozen new ones, in his "Bill of Rights for Black Americans." Like: "The right to a job. . . . The right to life. . . . The right to raise your children in decency. . . . The right to equal education. . . . The right to a good home. . . . The right to a good diet. . . . The right to drug-free streets. . . . The right to participate ('We need an Administration with soul'). . . . The right to consumer protection. . . . The right to business opportunity. . . . The right to be treated as a person. . . . The right to be black." From MIT to Cal Tech, worried prognosticators steepened their exponential curves and forecast Doomsday unless the rights explosion is brought under control.

■ Once again the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education has The Answer. Relying on "the largest survey of academic opinion ever made," the Commission has issued a report urging that "greater attention be paid to the wishes of the students," 91 per cent of whom, the survey shows, think their courses should be—you guessed it—"more relevant." In addition, 51 per cent of these "reasonably well-informed" undergraduates think all courses should be elective, 83 per cent want colleges to pay more attention to their "emotional growth" and almost 60 per cent want all grades abolished. The report encourages "the inauguration of open universities" and tacitly condones "the tendency to abandon general education altogether and permit students to take anything they want." The whole thing, by the way, was financed by the U.S. Office of Education. Your tax dollars at work!

■ Every Day in Every Way Margaret Mead Is Getting Better and Better: "One thing anthropologists can tell you is not to be misled by a bunch of baboons."

■ Is topless go-go dancing a form of symbolic speech protected by the First Amendment? Yes, said Seattle

Superior Court Judge Robert W. Winsor: "Topless go-go dancing is communication although the court and other people may not like the message." No, replied Judge Robert H. Kroningern, of Oakland, California, in a decision that set at least one precedent:

"The High Court's logic is to teach
That dancing is a form of speech;
And terpsichorean convolution
Is protected by the Constitution.
So bestiality's a crime
But not if done in three-four time;
And jailers will have little chance
With felons who know how to dance."

Judge Kroningern lapsed into prose for his summation: "[The court has not] become so dazzled by the arts as to hold that even criminal conduct is protected if engaged in while dancing."

Is McGovern a Populist?

A friend of ours went to a party a couple of weeks ago where most of the guests were writer-movie-TV types with incomes in the six-figure bracket, plus the usual sprinkling of chic millionaires. (They were celebrating a \$750,000 sale of paperback rights by one of the crowd.) There were McGovern stickers on all the cars parked in the drive, and everyone spent most of the evening rhapsodizing about McGovern's "populism." It set our friend thinking, and he set us.

Populism is In this season and the McGovern cadres have latched on to it. Step right up and look him over, folks! Our man is the People's Candidate, fresh from the prairies. See the calluses on his hands! Smell that manure on his shoes! Vote for George McGovern to cut the Interests down to size and let the People rule!

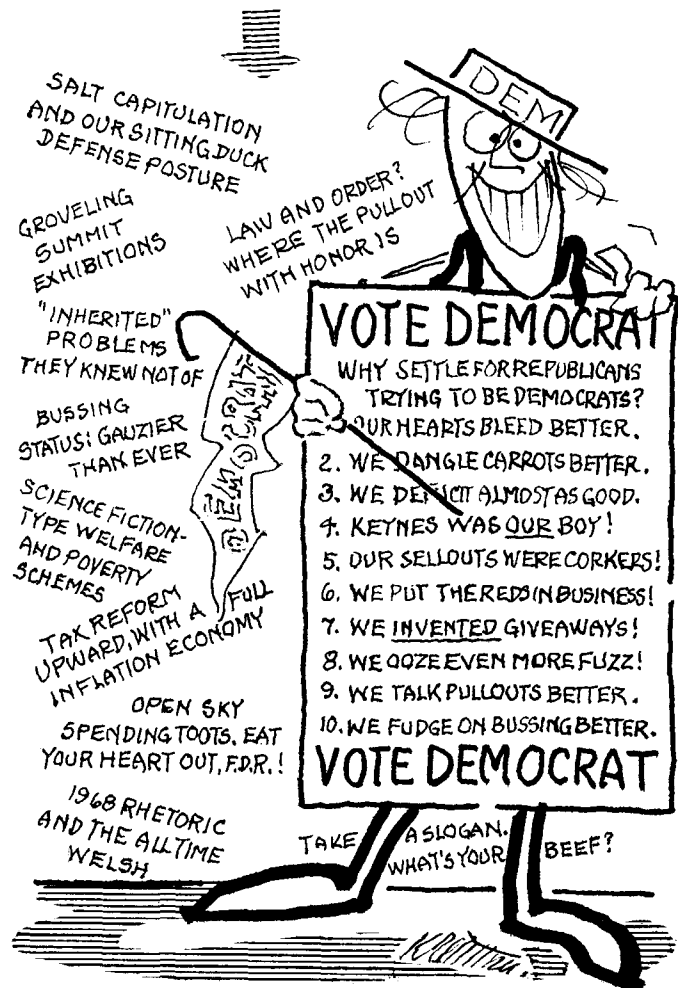
There is a lot we might say about "populism," much of it not all that enthusiastic, but we postpone that for other occasions. Our point at the moment is merely to note that, whether a populist is Good Guy or Bad Guy, George McGovern is no more a populist than are his principal bankrollers, Xerox Chairman Max Palevsky and playboy heir Stewart Mott. This populism act currently being featured by the McGovern entrepreneurs is as phony as the slot machines at a county fair.

As a political movement designated under that name, populism came into being in the latter part of the nineteenth century. In social composition it was a fusion of farmers and workers. Geographically, it was based in the hinterland—the Mississippi valley, Texas, the north-central prairie states—and oriented against the Northeast and Middle Atlantic. American populism took specific and public form in 1892 when 1,500 delegates, mostly from the pre-existing Farmers' Alliances that had sprung up throughout the area during several preceding years and the Knights of Labor, met to initiate the Populist (or People's) Party.

The social origin of the movement that has carried McGovern to the brink of nomination is totally different. The McGovern activists and enthusiasts, who got the McGovern movement going, who direct and man its operation, and who dominate it, are a compound of college students, academics and intellectuals, foundation administrators, media-communications types, plus money men of the Mott (inherited wealth)-Palevsky (communications) sort along with (as analyzed by the *Wall Street Journal* recently) new California Jewish millionaires (in contrast to New York's more established Jewish millionaires, who have mostly been backing Humphrey, and who may be going to switch in considerable number to Nixon, who is wooing them ardently). These are all from the elite and privileged strata of our society, not from the lower ranks where the traditional populism germinated. Moreover, the McGovern crowd is primarily based geographically on the Northeast (plus the campuses), again the opposite to historical populism.

The founding fathers of McGovernism gathered when

THE MOVING FINGER WRITES AND HAVING WRIT
MOVES ON - NOR ALL THE SUMMITRY AND TWIT
CAN MAKE THE RECORD LOOK LIKE HALF A DIME,
NOR ALL THE CHEERS RUB OUT A WORD OF IT.



"Disregard that simplistic Wallace-Ashbrook type graffiti back there, folks. Here are the real issues!"

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

How goes the government's war against inflation? Regard. Government-imposed oil import quotas help keep the cost of all petroleum products unnecessarily high. These quotas cost the American people about \$5 billion a year; the average family pays \$100 a year in higher gasoline and fuel oil prices alone. Now there is a move afoot to make matters worse. Bills pending in Congress would require that either half of all imported crude oil or—worse still in inflationary effect—half of all imported petroleum products be carried in American-flag ships.

Does the maritime industry need such protective legislation? Yes, but only because the industry has been rendered flabby and uncompetitive by a mishmash of government subsidies and restrictive practices imposed by government-protected labor unions. Needless to say, the bills are supported by an unconvincing argument from a predictable source. "The national security demands it," says Rep. Edward Garmatz (D., Md.), who represents the port city of Baltimore. In 1970 George Shultz (then Director of the Office of Management and Budget, now Secretary of the Treasury) declared that oil import quotas would be costing the public \$8.4 billion by 1980. If either of these bills passes, Shultz will have to revise his estimates upward. Hopefully he will continue to argue, as he did in 1970, that the quota system "does not reflect national security needs, present or future, and is no longer acceptable."

■ We interrupt Senator George McGovern's soliloquy on the "new politics" to offer a few facts. McGovern's rocket began to rise when he won a smashing victory in the Wisconsin primary. If his strategists are to be believed, McGovern had it planned that

way for two years. He always thought Wisconsin would be his crucial state.

McGovern is Chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs. One year ago the Committee was all set to hold hearings on the possible connection between cholesterol and heart disease. Cholesterol is a fatty substance that can accumulate in the bloodstream; dairy products are a prime source of cholesterol. Representatives of the dairy industry made known their opposition to McGovern's hearings. The hearings have not been held or rescheduled. And McGovern still rockets along on the momentum he picked up in the state which proclaims itself "America's Dairyland."

■ Because of a single blunder—easily correctable but, for some unexplained reason, uncorrected after six months—the government is extracting a huge, useless, interest-free loan from taxpayers and sowing the seeds of an inflationary jump in 1973. When the time came to produce the withholding schedules for 1972 the Internal Revenue Service cranked up its batteries of computers and legions of technicians and, with a little help from the related congressional committees, muffed the job. As a result, the government is overwithholding from millions of paychecks. By the end of this year it will have overwithheld more than \$10 billion.

When the wrong withholding schedules went into effect there was a roar of confused anger from taxpayers who were suddenly victims of substantial unannounced cuts in take-home pay. The government's response was even dumber than one might have expected. Instead of cashiering those responsible for the blunder and correcting the schedules, the IRS did nothing except earnestly hope that citizens would file W-4 forms to adjust their withholding downward. A silly hope; few citizens know about

the W-4 form. The citizens of Florida and Wisconsin marched to the polls on primary day and made high taxes a political issue, so some good has come from the blunder.

Unfortunately, much bad may come next spring when taxpayers' refunds will come gushing forth—just when many economists (Arthur Burns, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, for one) think the economy will be operating at near capacity. The gusher will cause a sharp increase in consumer spending and a strong increase in inflationary pressure. To head off this pressure and to make restitution for the wrongful seizure of \$10 billion, Burns is urging the government to offer the taxpayers a special Treasury bond with an exceptionally high interest rate in lieu of refunds. Such a "refund bond" would be sensible and equitable so the odds are that the government will not offer it.

■ Congressman William Colmer (D., Miss.), 82, Chairman of the House Rules Committee, is retiring after forty years in the House. Because Colmer is considered the archetypal Southern Democrat there is a special drama about the contest to choose his successor for Mississippi's Gulf Coast Fifth District. The Republican candidate will be Trent Lott, 30, who piled up 70.7 per cent of the vote against three primary opponents. From 1968 until he resigned to run, Republican Lott served as Administrative Assistant to Democrat Colmer, who is expected to give quiet support to Lott this fall.

■ The Treasury Department is to be commended for an act which showed respect for two good things, frugality and the flag. On June 14, Flag Day, patrons at the Treasury cafeteria were given little American flags made in Hong Kong. —CATO

he was waving only the one, antiwar banner. During the past months he has, it is true, put out more flags, and many of these are designed on the old populist models. Admiral Samuel Morison writes of that 1892 Populist Party convention: "Their platform, drafted by Ignatius Donnelly (Minnesota politician, discoverer of the lost Atlantis and champion of the Bacon-not-Shakespeare theory), opened with a trenchant indictment of the existing order, including such statements as 'The railroad corporations will either own the people or the people must own the railroads'; and, 'From the same prolific womb

of governmental injustice we breed the two great classes of tramps and millionaires.' The Populist planks included the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; produce subtreasuries . . . ; government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones; a graduated income tax; . . . the parcel post to break the hold of the great express companies; . . . popular election of U.S. Senators . . . and the initiative and referendum. Cries of horror greeted these 'socialistic' proposals in the Eastern press."

This surface shift in the McGovern movement signifies

little if any shift in its real content. As everyone realizes, this sort of plank has been added to the McGovern platform simply as bait to trap enough of "the people"—the blue-collar workers, blacks, ethnics, clerks—to extend the minority cliques on which the movement is based into a potential electoral majority. After November 7, "the people" will be permitted to sink back into the obscurity where they properly belong.

For better or worse, there is only one candidate in this election who can justifiably claim to be a "populist." And in spite of all the chatter about the "convergence" of the Democratic candidates during the course of the campaign, our guess is that George Wallace recognizes the George McGovern kind of populism as the phony it most assuredly is.

Vietnam: On the Chessboard

Before Nixon's global diplomacy can be properly assessed it must first be clearly understood. Fundamentally, Nixon calculates that the Soviet Union and China are now, if only temporarily, more hostile to each other than either is to the U.S. This shift in the axis of hostility marks the present period off from the postwar era of the "cold war," or "era of confrontation" in the Nixonian formulation. During the "era of confrontation" the axis of hostility divided the Communist world—whatever intramural rivalries existed—from the West, i.e., the U.S. But when the axis of hostility moved, all the postwar equations changed in response.

Nixon further calculated that because the axis of hostility had thus shifted, both Peking and Moscow, for their own reasons and however temporarily, would desire improved relations with the U.S., and would pay a price to bring this about. Thus, from the perspective of Peking, if the Soviet Union is the real enemy then U.S. influence in Southeast Asia has an entirely different meaning than it did when the U.S. was the real enemy. And so—this is the Nixon reasoning—we have the opportunity to move to an "era of negotiation," or balance-of-power politics.

Where the Soviet Union is concerned, the Nixon policy embroiders this schema by attempting to create a matrix of shared "vested interests" (as Henry Kissinger put it in his May 29 Moscow press conference) sufficiently compelling to outweigh provincial conflicts of interest in Vietnam and elsewhere. Thus, at the same press conference, Kissinger, even while trying to deny any "linkage" between U.S.-Soviet trade agreements and a Vietnam settlement, really as much as admitted the existence of one: "So I can say that it is not correct that we linked trade to Vietnam. It is correct that it has always been understood, which you could say about any one of these problems, that as our general relationships improve, we can accelerate progress in every area, but this is not more true of trade than anything else, and there never was any direct linkage."

Which is only to say that there was no need to be blunt about it. But to sweeten the deal, to strengthen, in other words, that matrix of vested interests, it is clear that Nixon stands ready to provide a number of things very much desired by the Soviet Union: feed grains, which are desperately short in Russia; technological know-how to move the Soviet industrial infrastructure out of the nineteenth century; and the billions in credit necessary to exploit the Siberian natural gas deposits for sale to an energy-short U.S.

That these and other vested interests prevailed over the conflict of interest in Vietnam was demonstrated dramatically when Moscow failed to call off the summit conference despite the bombing and mining in North Vietnam, despite, indeed, bomb damage to at least one Soviet freighter and the killing of Soviet seamen—to which events Hanoi loudly, but also vainly, called attention. Peking's response has so far been similarly mild.

The result of these moves is that Hanoi is at least temporarily isolated. It perceives that Nixon can do about as he wishes with his mines and his bombs—that he may, indeed, be able to go a long way toward destroying North Vietnam from the air. Nor have signals beamed by Hanoi to the U.S. "peace movement" created much domestic pressure on Nixon to call off the blockade or the bombing.

Hanoi therefore might calculate that the moment is at hand to make the most favorable settlement possible. The blockade seems tight, and its effects are bound to be cumulative. Ditto the air raids. The offensive in the South has been expensive and has ended in stalemate. And Nixon, with the election approaching, would surely like to scrub the war as a campaign issue. Alternatively, Hanoi might decide to wait for Lefty—McGovern, that is—who has promised to give it everything it wants, if elected.

Busing Farrago

It is the central irony of the "busing for racial balance" situation that even as the courts become more deeply entangled in the busing of thousands of school children from one place to another in pursuit of one or another racial ratio, the rationale for busing has all but evaporated.

That original rationale held that racial balancing made for enhanced academic achievement on the part of ghetto pupils and therefore was a "right" under the Fourteenth Amendment. The most important locus of that rationale was the so-called Coleman Report, commissioned by Congress and published in 1966. But last April Dr. James Coleman, under whose auspices the study was conducted, stated in an interview published in the *Educational Researcher* that "judges have looked at the study and used the results more strongly than the results warrant." He added: "I don't think a judge can say there is prima facie evidence of inequality in educa-

Angela Davis: Heads She Wins, Tails They Lose

Wellington's words "Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won" are particularly apposite as a comment on the outcome of the trial of Miss Angela Davis, which will now be made the subject of very nearly as much random agitation of the uvula on the part of the far Left as would have been the case if she had been convicted. Had she been found guilty, the verdict would have been proclaimed a perversion of justice on the part of racist America, and the judge and jury denounced as the willing tools of a conspiracy to destroy those brave freedom fighters who are struggling to liberate the United States from such abominable indignities as elections, free speech, open justice etc. and to substitute for these shackles of imperialism an immeasurably more democratic system like that enjoyed at present by the citizens of, say, Czechoslovakia. Her acquittal on all the charges against her might be thought to have made such an argument difficult to deploy, but those who think so must have forgotten the scene in Arthur Koestler's *Age of Longing* in which the Russian delegate (clearly meant to be Ehrenburg) to the Western protest-meeting, when halfway through his speech, gets a message whispered to him by a Soviet official, and without pause or noticeable discomfiture puts his typescript back in his left-hand breast pocket, draws a similar-looking packet from his right-hand one, and proceeds to deliver the second half of a speech containing sentiments of an exactly opposite persuasion to those expressed in the first half of the speech he has just been making.

So will it now be with Miss Davis. The argument was that she could not possibly expect a fair trial or an acquittal; those who argued thus will now be no more abashed than was Mr. Kingman Brewster, President of Yale University, when he announced that it was impossible for any Negro to get a fair trial in the United States and had the doubtless mortifying experience of seeing the particular Negro whose trial had given rise to his idiotic remark acquitted almost before he had finished uttering it, though without, so far as I know, causing Mr. Brewster to offer any explanation let alone apology. The argument will now simply be turned on its head, and the acquittal hailed as a victory, achieved by those who demanded it, over the forces of imperialist reaction which were compelled to retreat in the face of international working-class solidarity. Exit Angela the Blessed Martyr, shamefully done to death by fascism; enter Angela the living Soul Sister, liberated by her comrades from an otherwise certain death on the scaffold.

As it happens, Miss Davis was acquitted because the jury came to the conclusion, after hearing the evidence, that it was not strong enough to warrant a conviction. (Incidentally, one of the minor felicities the case provided was the spluttering indignation of those who de-

clared that the evidence was "largely circumstantial," as if this fact in some way rendered it per se unreliable. I haven't seen that spavined old warhorse trotted out for years, and thought it had finally been sent to the knacker's yard. . . . Virtually *all* evidence is circumstantial.)

Those who thought, and stridently declared, that the conviction of Miss Davis was certain can hardly be expected, being who and what they mostly are, to admit now that their argument was baseless and had nothing to do with justice but everything to do with politics. What they can, I think, be asked to do is to estimate the chances of a similar acquittal for those accused of "political" offenses in the countries which are governed by regimes professing the same philosophy as Miss Davis. More; they can be asked to say whether it is often the case that, when a Russian dissident is tried, Russian newspapers and television are permitted to report extensively and continually the arguments of the defense, whether protest meetings, marches and petitions are allowed there, and whether the defendants can freely choose their counsel, cross-examine the prosecution witnesses and call what evidence they please in their defense.

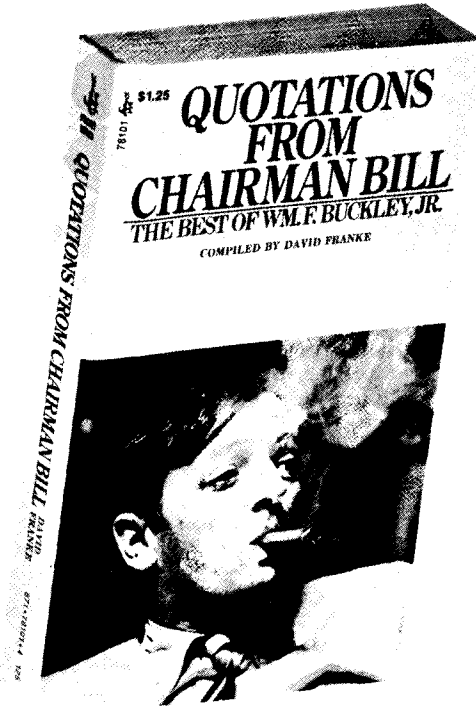
It is no use saying to me that the standards of Russian justice are irrelevant to a consideration of the American kind. In the first place, those who declare that America is a tyranny ought to be continually reminded what a tyranny actually is, with particular examples, and in the second place it is the standards of Russian justice that Miss Davis, who proudly proclaims herself a Communist, wishes to see prevail in America, and indeed throughout the world. There would be no acquittals for anyone put on trial for such offenses in an America run by her and her kind, whether the evidence justified a conviction or not, and those who are even now brainlessly echoing her claim that she was fighting for, or even that she desires, anything recognizable as freedom for Americans of any color are, whether they realize it or not . . . echoing a lie.

I am glad Miss Davis was acquitted, for several reasons. First, of course, because if the evidence did not convince the jury of her guilt it was right that she should be freed, and it would have been scandalous if she had not been. Second, because it vindicates the truth that American justice, whatever its faults, remains genuine justice in a sense recognizable to those in other countries (such as Britain) with a basically similar system, though not to those in countries ruled by her masters. Third, because it is just possible that a few of the less foolish of her supporters might now pause to think about some of the differences between the kind of justice she wants to give America and the kind that America is nevertheless willing to give her.

BERNARD LEVIN

London Times, June 6, 1972

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tional opportunity on achievement grounds if there is school segregation." Thus the tentative conclusions of the Coleman Report concerning, at best, marginal improvements in achievement do not warrant the massive busing arrangements demanded by some judges.

More recently, Harvard Professor David J. Armor released a 64-page report on an extensive study of busing for integration in a dozen American cities. His conclusions: The quality of education was not improved, there was no improvement in the achievement of black pupils, and the social relations between black and white pupils were either unaffected or changed for the worse.

Thus the educational rationale for busing—and therefore, presumably, the Fourteenth Amendment argument, such as it is—disappears. Proponents of busing must now argue that busing is good per se, just for its own sake, no ulterior end being served; or they can argue on aesthetic grounds, e.g., that racial quotas are beautiful; or they might say that suburban children ought to see more of the city than they otherwise would; or similar frivolities.

Nevertheless, even as the only significant rationale disappears, the issue becomes ever more entangled in the courts. Judge Merhige's ruling in January that Richmond's mostly black schools must be merged with the mostly white schools of neighboring Henrico and Chesterfield counties has now been reversed by a federal appeals court in a 5 to 1 opinion. This will make its way to the Supreme Court for adjudication, where it will find a Denver busing case awaiting it. Now, in Detroit, another judge has come up with an order calling for the busing of some 310,000 pupils—the largest number so far—in order to achieve racial balance in the metropolitan region including all Detroit schools and those of 53 suburban school districts. This ruling will be appealed by the state of Michigan. And the Justice Department, which at one time pressed for desegregation on all fronts, has recently reversed itself and switched

to active opposition: It may intervene in the Michigan case.

Back in Washington, the June 8 Education Act, now on the President's desk, contains provisions which may—or may not—require a delay in the enforcement of busing orders, and which may—or may not—be constitutional.

And the busing issue seems certain to play a major role in the November election: could, for example, swing normally Democratic Michigan into the Republican column in the absence of a Wallace candidacy.

All of this—despite the fact that busing does not achieve the educational results originally claimed for it, is massively unpopular, and would be tremendously expensive if widely implemented.

Ecrasez l'infâme!

Why Prolong the Agony?

Last September, a NATIONAL REVIEW article explained the typical pattern of wage and price controls: "Very conspicuous industries are singled out for 'restraint,' while sectors where inflation may be greatest—professional incomes, food and services—gain even more from the resulting diversion of demand. Controlling a few wages and prices doesn't eliminate inflationary pressure, it simply shifts the pressure elsewhere." We are therefore not surprised at May's 9.8 per cent annual-rate increase in wholesale farm prices, nor with sizable increases in such other uncontrollable prices as used homes, lumber, utilities and the overly protected textiles. In the six months of Phase II we have experienced a 5.2 per cent annual rate of increase in the Wholesale Price Index, compared with a 4.7 per cent rate in the six months before the freeze. Moreover, there has been no clear downward trend since controls were imposed, though prices fell continually from October 1970 through July 1971. (If the pre-freeze trend had continued as it was going, we would now have an annual inflation rate of slightly over 2 per cent.)

Besides reversing the previous decline in the rate of inflation, controls are beginning to produce the usual perverse complications. Small companies, which are exempt from controls, are affected by large increases in local minimum-wage and "fair-trade" laws while their larger competitors are not. When unusually efficient large firms were forced to roll back prices, smaller competitors couldn't match the price cuts without facing bankruptcy, and the larger firms sometimes ended up making even greater profits than before by drawing business away from small competitors.

Herbert Stein, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, referring to the perpetual excuse, says, "I guess I've run out of bulges," but still he keeps smiling. C. Jackson Grayson, Chairman of the Price Commission, is considering "all the options" for restraining food prices—including rationing, but excluding the abolition of his

Winding Down

Fat, squat but flyable, the DC-10
Will waddle down the runways for a while.
Although a most ungainly specimen,
I rate her with the mounds along the Nile.
Alas, because of gutlessness and guile,
This gooney bird's among the nation's last.
Aggressiveness is going out of style;
It's time to concentrate upon the past.
Myself, I'll read *Two Years before the Mast*
And how the brothers Wright flew off the sand.
I shall not look for Youth to mount a blast:
They're smoking up a storm in lotus-land.
Meanwhile, we'll save the heron and the thrush
And ban the use of any indoor flush.

W. H. VON DREELE



Norris, Vancouver Sun

Ben Roth Agency

"The trouble with you, Sidney, is you can't think big."

job. Despite the downward bias that controls always add to official measures of inflation (telling the truth is rewarded with a fine), wage and price controls have failed again, as always. Admitting a mistake is never easy, but it would be less embarrassing now than later.

Reserve Clause Anomaly

The 5 to 3 decision of the Supreme Court rejecting former outfielder Curt Flood's suit to overturn baseball's reserve clause was significant in the long run for its judicial reticence. Speaking for the majority, Justice Harry A. Blackmun noted that baseball's exemption from antitrust legislation is an "aberration" and an "anomaly," but he deferred to Congress the initiative in devising a remedy. "If there is any inconsistency or illogic in all this," he said, "it is an inconsistency and illogic of long standing that is to be remedied by the Congress and not by this Court." Chief Justice Warren Burger agreed: "The error, if such it be, is one on which the affairs of a great many people have rested for a long time. Courts are not the forum in which this tangled web ought to be unsnarled."

The temper of the majority thus had to be interpreted as holding that it is not the function of the Court to iron out every institutional anomaly and aberration, especially those of long standing. And further, perhaps: we may infer, at least in this case, the recognition that the legislative process may be more sensitive than the courts to the complexities and particularities of a society's arrangements. The decision, therefore, represents a welcome de-cartesianizing.

And yet amelioration with regard to the reserve clause there almost certainly must be. Social forces are operative in professional sports, baseball included: The players are better educated, wealthier and more inde-

pendent than they were in an earlier day; and in view of these and other factors it does not seem likely that an owner can retain the power to control a player throughout his major-league career. Special conditions do exist in baseball as distinguished from football and basketball, notably the need to maintain an extensive system of farm clubs for player development. But professional football has been able to live with the "option clause," and in the end it seems likely that baseball will adopt some version of it. But not because the sinfulness of the reserve clause was revealed to William O. Douglas in a vision atop Mount Hood.

Edmund Wilson, RIP

Throughout his long and various career as, perhaps, our leading man of letters, Edmund Wilson was involved in one way or another with politics, and it must be said that in his most explicit and topical involvement he was not much of a guide. Perhaps it is sufficient to note that he voted Communist in 1932 and Socialist thereafter—only to announce 31 years later in his book on the income tax his startled discovery that the menace all around us is big government and bureaucracy.

In his last important book, *Patriotic Gore*, however, Wilson touched some of the deepest themes in American politics, and did so in a way that from the liberal perspective is profoundly heretical. The book issues, indeed, in a devastating criticism of those historical myths and moral melodramas which are the very stuff of the liberal interpretation of American history. Wilson demythologizes Lincoln, he sympathizes with the constitutional arguments of the Southern spokesmen, he has little use for the zealots of the anti-slavery campaign, he hazards the view that, as against the omniscient state, the cause of the South may have been the cause of us all, and he takes a dim view of FDR.

During his last decade, Wilson seemed to have left behind a variety of masks, including the Marxist one he had worn during the Thirties and Forties, and to have become purely himself. The past to which he now characteristically referred was not the nineteenth century, with its ideologies and secular religions, but the eighteenth century, with its bracing skepticism and its clarity of mind. "I have lately been coming to feel," he observed, "that as an American, I am more or less in the eighteenth century—or, at any rate, not much later than the early nineteenth." The old family house in Talcottville, New York, in which he spent much of his time during his later years, and in which he died, became a Wilsonian symbol in the vein of Yeats' tower. "The house in which I am living," he wrote, "which belonged to my family and which now belongs to me, was built out of the limestone at the end of the eighteenth century. We used to spend the summer in Talcottville. The family reunion at the old town in summer was still at that time a feature of American life." And, he noted, the

people in the surrounding countryside seemed, like the house itself, to be connected with an older America: "With their dairy farms and big tracts of land [they] had a dignity and self-assurance that many Americans lacked. They were amiable, calm, independent. . . ." In his later years, indeed Wilson became a kind of citizen of the early American Republic, one of the old Romans of the pre-Civil War period, as well as—it is one reading of *Patriotic Gore*—the celebrant of their substantial and indispensable virtues.

—JH

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

According to the dictionary an ironist is one given to irony. Irving Carrig, however (May 26, p. 573), attempts to write some new definitions of an ironist a) as "one who irons, a female ironer." Why female? The early literature on laundries, as in Bret Harte (I quote from memory) is rich with anecdotes of male ironers who chased marauders and tormentors out onto the street, wielding a laundry iron as a weapon, b) as one who is physiologically deficient in iron, "and who, as a consequence, is fanatically devoted to the artificial replacement of this substance." This touches me on a raw nerve, for I first published on iron in 1930 (*Biochemical Journal*, Vol. 24, p. 1611). Iron cannot be artificially replaced, and, let me add, even the most enthusiastic of natural food mystics cannot represent iron as being an organic element. (However, a local health food store advertises its oranges as being fertilized with "natural zinc and manganese from Texas" . . . perhaps from the Pedernales area.) There are nutritionists who are indeed devoted to emphasizing the iron content of the human diet, usually because of losses of iron in females during their, er, periods. The current boost in recommended iron supplementation, advocated by the FDA, was originated, allegedly, by an advisory committee member whose wife became anemic during a recent pregnancy. But Mr. Nixon does not menstruate and is not pregnant. So why does Mr. Carrig suggest that his "statement was comparable to a comment on a welcoming gift of yeast" by the Chinese? Why yeast, which is a poor source of iron? Is Mr. Carrig thinking of the cytochrome *c* content of yeast? Cytochrome *c* contains iron, but this small amount would be totally inadequate to supply the needs of even Mr. Nixon for iron for hemoglobin synthesis. Or iron-sulfur proteins in yeast? Again yeast is a poor source of such proteins compared with green plants or anaerobic bacteria.

I have it! Mr. Carrig's ideas on nutrition were acquired

from the advertising campaign for an item called "ironized yeast," which peaked in the 1930s! I doubt whether the Chinese have even heard of this product. For Mr. Carrig, I recommend (notice that I am an ironist in the b) sense) a simple inorganic iron supplement, rather than yeast. I am sure that his doctor will explain this. Gastric irritation may be avoided by using "delayed release" preparations. A final word of warning: some medications contain iron ascorbate. These will *not* prevent or cure the common cold.

Thomas H. Jukes
Donner Laboratory
U. of California, Berkeley

The discussion of the meaning of the word "ironist" is now closed.
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was interested to see ["On the Right," June 23] your reference to my *Village Voice* article about the West Village chiropodist who shot a dog that dared to foul the City's streets.

I don't know if you were kidding in relating this tale, but I was in writing the original article, as the final letter (written by me) among the enclosed items indicates.

It was a pleasure to have fooled you.

Sincerely yours,
Stephen Gillers
Attorney-at-Law
23 West 9th Street
New York, 10011

"A Modest Disposal" (*Village Voice*, March 9)

Dear Sir:

All of us down here were moderately amused by Stephen Gillers' real-life satire about shooting sh*tting dogs ("Hound Hindsight," *Voice*, February 24). Gillers has some middling talent as a satirist, we feel, but he's still an obvious lightweight. The fact that he was able to arouse such a ferocious readership response ("Ain't It Offal?" *Voice* letters, March 2) says more about the quality of life in twentieth-century New York City than the level of his wit. In my day, of course, far from allowing canine beasts to foul the footpath unscathed, we would eat them whole whenever, on occasion, we temporarily exhausted our supply of ripe children.

—Jonathan Swift

■ For our Trans-O-Gram aficionados, here is the correct solution to the June 9 puzzle: [George] Schuyler: *Black and Conservative*. "Negro exclusion from skilled unions has invariably been the rule in the United States. It is a vicious circle: without job mobility there can be little economic and social mobility and civil rights become more or less academic to those destined to remain common laborers."

—WFB

Underkill?

IN CONSTRUCTING new verbal weapons systems, the disarmers have been more ingenious than the armament lobby. One of their most successful creations has been the concept of "Overkill." I am not sure when it was first tested, but I well recall its early deployment in the columns of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and the manifestos of the Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy. Over the years, as is usual with weapons systems, Overkill has been produced in a sequence of improved models. Most recently it has been incorporated in the verbal batteries brought into action to persuade us that acceptance of strategic nuclear inferiority, as provided by the SALT accords, is a good thing. In Mr. Nixon's rhetoric, the operative meaning of Overkill has been relabeled "Sufficiency."

Ready, Aim, Misfire

The Overkill concept seems clear enough at first glance. There is no need to kill anybody more than once; if you're dead, you're dead. Right? Right. Brisk and businesslike. We now draw out the logic. Nuclear bombs are terrific killers. We have, ready to go, enough of them "to destroy the Soviet Union many times over," "more than enough to wipe out all life on earth," etc. This is sheer military-industrial madness. No rational purpose is served by this Overkill capability. It would in no way jeopardize our national security to reduce the number of our strategic weapons by a substantial percentage, as Senator McGovern proposes to do—you don't need to kill anybody more than once. And *a fortiori* there is no point in playing "the numbers game" with Moscow. It makes no real difference if we have 50 per cent fewer land-based missiles and nuclear-armed submarines than the Soviet Union, and one-fifth the warhead megatonnage, as

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

provided by the SALT accords that President Nixon has signed. We still have a Sufficiency. If you're dead, you're dead.

Suppose, though, that prior to a battle a political kibitzer declared: "Checking the supplies, I note we have on hand a total of two million bullets. There are only fifty thousand soldiers in the enemy's army. We thus have enough fire power to kill the enemy forty times over. There is no rational purpose served by possession of this Overkill capability." Somehow, when the nuclear jargon is missing, the argument doesn't look quite so impressive.

Let us list a few particular points concerning Overkill:

1. The Overkillers assume their major factual premise without any empirical evidence. An H-bomb is very powerful and can do a lot of damage. But the earth is a big place (58 million square miles of land surface) and the Soviet Union alone covers about nine million square miles. Even if the U.S. successfully launched all of its strategic missiles and each ended up exploding on target, it is not true that the Soviet Union would be destroyed, much less the earth and all mankind. The Soviet Union (if it were the specific target) would be badly hurt, and conceivably "destroyed" as a going concern, but that is another question, and cannot be answered by merely physical calculations.

2. Actually the U.S. will never be in a situation permitting it to launch successfully all of its missiles. A considerable portion of the strategic weapons systems isn't working at any given moment. A third to a half of the missile-carrying submarines are in harbor or being overhauled. A certain number of strategic aircraft are in the shop or out of order or off bombing North Vietnam with non-nuclear weapons. Some land-based missiles have electronic or other ailments (this has ranged up to more than 20 per cent in known instances). Some of the trigger mechanisms won't work right. On some missiles the internal guidance controls will go out of whack, and the warheads may end up at the North Pole or on the moon. Some warheads will be duds. There will probably be foulups in command communications—there already

have been in connection with alerts, false alarms etc. Possibly some missile crews will refuse to carry out orders to launch: Our intellectuals have certainly supplied them with plenty of moral encouragement thereto.

3. These applications of Murphy's Law ("If anything can go wrong, it will") vastly deplete our missile expectations. But our assumptions are still unrealistic. We are not going to have a leisurely quiet hour in which to launch our missiles by the book. If the time comes, it will be after hostile missiles are at most a few minutes away and quite possibly after they have hit, and our remnant of usable missiles will have to evade defense measures. By this stage, Overkill begins to look more like Custer's last stand.

We've Got Their Number

4. "Numbers are unimportant," we are now being told by both the White House and the *New York Times* in defense of SALT's assignment of numerical superiority to the Soviet Union. This argument is derived from the Overkill concept. We have had an unneeded Overkill capability in the past, and we will retain at least a "nuclear Sufficiency" under the SALT ratios. But if this Sufficiency talk is objectively convincing, why didn't it convince the Soviet negotiators? Why did *they* demand—and get—a higher numerical ceiling for both land-based launchers and missile submarines? Why don't they believe in Sufficiency, and relax? And why don't our Sufficiency promoters exercise their talents on these backward Russians?

5. Granted, it is difficult, even impossible, to know what would happen if a large-scale nuclear encounter actually took place. But quite apart from the objective facts (if there are any) about Overkill and Sufficiency, the political and military leaders of a nation *feel* differently about quantitative inferiority and superiority in weapons. Numerical superiority supports a calm and confident attitude in dealing with policy issues. Inferiority, in this field as in general, evokes an ambivalent attitude—caution, yielding, unsureness on the one hand, and sometimes a desperate recklessness on the other. □

*If George McGovern has his way government will end up
bigger and stronger and we—all of us—will be
poorer. What welfarism is, in practice, is a scramble
by pressure groups for favors from the government*

The Welfare State: Boob-bait for McGovernites

GEORGE F. WILL

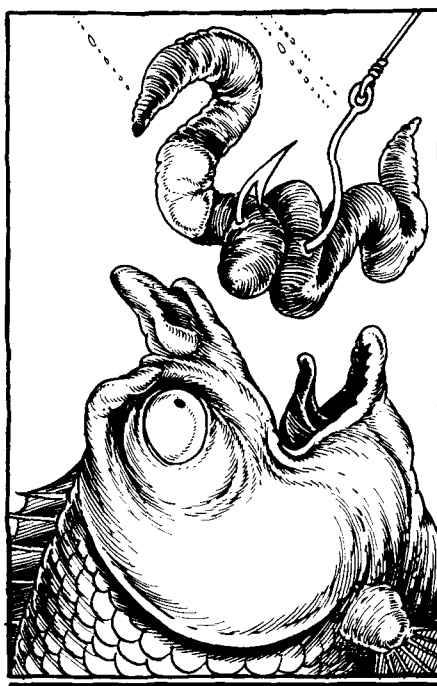
GEORGE MCGOVERN advocates fundamental change in American government. This is common knowledge. But like most new knowledge, it is false. True, McGovern has a radical foreign policy ("Resolved, the United States should get out of Arizona"). But his principal domestic philosophy is depressingly familiar. His proudest boast is that his government will get involved in redistributing wealth. What makes this more depressing than menacing is the fact that the government today does very little else but redistribute wealth.

We have a welfare state, soggy with redistributionist policies. McGovern accepts in principle a government that is up to its jowls in redistributing wealth. Thus he accepts the primary principle of the status quo. All he really wants to do is redirect the redistribution.

McGovern does not understand that when a representative government in a society like ours undertakes to redistribute wealth, it inevitably will do so in a perverse way. If McGovern—or the electorate—really wants a thoroughgoing critique of our welfare state he should consider conservatism.

Of course by now opposition to the welfare state is as much a matter of unadorned common sense as it is of conservatism. Indeed, one scarcely knows what pro welfare-state argument to rebut. Welfare-state measures continue to be written into the statute books, but that has virtually nothing to do with economic theory or political philosophy. Rather, as I shall explain, these measures only indicate the liberal politicians' enthusiasm for using Peter's money to buy Paul's vote.

One cannot really say that the welfare state has failed to achieve its objective because it has never had a clear



objective. It certainly has not achieved a significant portion of the goals it has randomly adopted.

Properly understood the welfare state is a panoply of laws and governmental institutions which, backed by the police power, regulate the productive and consuming activities of the citizens. These activities include, of course, the production and consumption of houses, hamburgers, medicine and education.

The term "welfare state" does not mean merely—or even primarily—a state given over to what we normally speak of as "welfare"—that is the provision of relief to the poor and disabled. Indeed, it is my contention that, typically and almost inevitably, welfare-state activity involves the subsidization of large economic interests which, because of their close association with the government, have developed a noxious

combination of characteristics. They are both very, very strong and very dependent on the government.

The essence of the welfare-state concept is the idea of pervasive governmental activism to replace market economic forces by political forces in decisions about the distribution of wealth. The welfare state uses government power to compel certain kinds of producing and consuming activities, and thereby to compel a certain distribution of wealth. The essence of the welfare-state myth is that the typical government action influencing the distribution of wealth is done on behalf of the disadvantaged.

Distinctive Style

In fact, the real significance of the welfare state is that it represents a distinctive political style. It is primarily an instrument by which the politicians cope with the strong and organized; it is not primarily an instrument for coping with the weak and disorganized.

Were the welfare state primarily the instrument of generous motives, it would still be a failure. There are some desirable goals which a government should not pursue because government action usually exacts a toll in freedom lost. But the important point is that if the welfare state were primarily an instrument of generous impulses on behalf of the disadvantaged, there would be less widespread criticism of it. After all, I know of no significant political figure of any persuasion who does not acknowledge that it is the clear moral duty of a society to provide decently

Mr. Will is in the office of Senator Gordon Allott.

for those who cannot provide for themselves.

Perhaps a generous concern for the disadvantaged was the original motive for creating the welfare state, and thereby abandoning our healthy fear of comprehensive government. But it is now clear beyond peradventure that the disadvantaged are not the chief beneficiaries of this welfare-state ethos which sanctions government activism throughout the economy in the interest of distributing privileges and redistributing wealth.

The chief beneficiaries of the welfare-state ethos are the organized interests on whose behalf most government interference with the economy is undertaken. These interests receive the lion's share of the subsidies which, drawn from general tax revenues or imposed by government-enforced restriction of competition, are our major means for redistributing wealth. As a result, the net effect of government manipulation of the economy is negative for the poor. That is, one clear result of the expansive activism of our expanded government is a lower living standard for the poor.

Liberals tell us it was not supposed to work out this way. Liberals are always saying that about something—Lyndon Johnson, or something. But, for reasons which I will come to, conservatives told them it would work out this way.

Before turning to the primary welfare-state activities—those that do not even pretend to be about welfare as normally thought of—consider a bit of the record of the welfare state when it does attempt benevolence.

¶ Federal regulation of agriculture was supposed to save the small farms and slow the flow of population to the cities. The result has been a subsidy system that promotes large farms, penalizes small farms, and stimulates the flow of population into the cities, where the poor buy food at high prices which the Federal Government supports using their tax revenues.

¶ Minimum wage laws are supposed to aid marginal workers by improving upon market forces. But I know of no economist who does not acknowledge that such wage laws produce unemployment among marginal workers, especially among young blacks.

¶ Regulation of trucking keeps freight rates high. Regulation of air travel keeps ticket prices high, thereby re-

stricting the mobility of the population. Regulation of the railroads has made them what they are today.

¶ The state monopoly of the postal services has helped make the penny post-card what it is today. This monopoly is backed by an astonishing law that makes private enterprise in postal services a federal crime. Lacking such a law, the state monopoly would be without business.

¶ Federal housing projects have resulted in an increase in slums and a decrease in the number of housing units available to the poor.

¶ Rent control was imposed in New York as a putative wartime necessity. Like all such laws, rent control will exist forever. That rent control creates slums is obvious to every thinking man who has studied the subject. That assertion is not contradicted by the fact that John Lindsay supports rent control. The government has demonstrated, repeatedly and conclusively, that it is absolutely unable to plan and produce "livable cities" or even "livable neighborhoods" any more than it can succeed in the foreign policy version of welfare statism—the grandiose project of "nation building" abroad.

¶ Today there are ten times more government agencies dealing with the problems of the cities than there were in 1939. But who believes the cities are better off—let alone ten times better off—than they were in 1939?

¶ In Washington, D.C. liberal judges have concocted enough laws, and federal sociologists have concocted enough theories, to rationalize the nation's most ambitious integration policy. The result is that Washington schools are 95 per cent black—the *least* integrated in the nation.

Welfare State on Campus

I could go on, but why bother? The most instructive example of welfare statism is at hand. It is the modern university. Its recent history demonstrates an important truth: The welfare state spends much time coping with problems it has created.

Sometime after the Second World War the government, figuratively speaking, went down to the basement of the bureaucracy, and there consulted the entrails of a chicken. From these it divined a clear and present "need" for a rapid and vast expansion of higher education. Before long government sub-

sidies produced a vast expansion of graduate schools, and this produced an army of teachers. At that point expanding institutions were offering expanded job opportunities at inflated salaries. A ready supply of students was generated by keeping tuition costs far below the actual cost of the educational product, and far below the market value of the education to the recipient. But the number of faculty jobs and dormitory rooms expanded faster than the supply of competent people to fill them. Hence we faced a classic welfare-state "crisis." Such a "crisis" exists when the government is having trouble concocting a supply to match the demand it has concocted. The "crisis" was a paucity of competent people to produce and consume the decreed amount of education. The result was not the rational one—to reduce the decreed spending. Rather, the result was another decree: Change the idea of competence. At the production end, scholars were allowed to redefine the scholars' task. They fashioned an egalitarian definition—one which would exclude no one, and therefore would not produce the embarrassing "crisis" of an insufficient supply of competence. Henceforth the scholar's task would be hand-holding—to have "meaningful human relations" with students. This solved the other half of the "crisis" at the consumption end: It redefined the idea of the competent student. A student is competent if he has hands to be held, or if he has his "own thing" to be done.

Presto! The welfare state suddenly found that a semantic fiat (revision of the meaning of "competence") created an elastic supply of "competent" faculty and students—a supply sufficient to sop up the government's expenditures.

But just to be on the safe side, a movement was begun to water down admissions policies and grading standards—just a bit of insurance to see that the supply of diluted "competence" can keep pace with the deluge of government funding. This is how an artificial, government-decreed "demand" for more education produced an odd supply of students and faculty. The result is that today, after a quarter-century of government action, we now have universities teaching remedial reading courses.

Just to complete the picture of this fiasco, consider two relevant details.

Most university students come from families in the upper-income brackets.

Furthermore, as a result of their education, these students will receive higher lifetime earnings than those persons—largely from poorer families—who have not gone to a university. But university students pay a negligible share of the cost of their education. This cost is born by the taxpayers, with low-income taxpayers contributing an amount far in excess of the benefits their children receive.

Finally, vast numbers of recently generated graduates—and especially graduates from the humanities—now claim they cannot find employment that they think is suitable for persons with their training. A large number of them want to be teachers, and the teacher market is again glutted. This is another welfare-state “crisis.” Something—something bad—will be done, you can count on it. I am sure that soon a second government chicken will be consulted for a “cure” and all that we can know for sure about that cure is that it will make matters worse.

Meanwhile, our society is suffering a shortage of skilled technicians in a variety of perfectly respectable fields of employment, as anyone who is in need of a good mechanic will tell you. But none of this was anticipated when the entrails of the first chicken revealed that there was a “crying need for a vast subsidization of higher education.”

As the *Economist* of London explains (May 15, 1971), this is par for the course in government enterprise:

There is a very clear historical point of descent out of effective idealism into obstructionist nuisance value by any bureaucracy. . . . The descent almost always comes when a bureaucracy: a) tries to interfere with market forces; then b) finds that this interference is causing so much unnecessary trouble that dealing with this unnecessary trouble becomes its main occupation; and then c) decides that, as dealing with this unnecessary trouble is its main occupation, the maintenance of the interference which causes this trouble is a high feature of its own professional interest or even (so it kids itself) of its political ideal.

This has happened again and again even in the civil services of strong unitary states. The civil-service departments concerned build up interferences with the market, and thus create a lot of uneconomic pensioners who are wholly dependent on themselves, but who soon get very angry indeed with them for not giving them even more money. Thus ministries of agriculture all over the world exist to give uneco-

nomie protection to farmers, but everywhere have turnips thrown at them; ministries of housing set up rent controls which thus distort patterns of housing use and create slums and homelessness, but are wildly unpopular whenever they at last allow rents to rise; and ministries of transport distort competition between road and rail, and are then pilloried whenever subsidized railway season-ticket rates are made slightly less uneconomic.

The melancholy lesson is this. Welfare-state enterprises generate political pressures which guarantee that welfare-state exertions will increase as the futility of previous exertions along the same line becomes patent.

The Fanatical State

As liberals lurch from discredited assumptions to foregone conclusions, it becomes increasingly clear that the welfare state is fanatical. A fanatic is one who can change neither his mind nor the subject. Alternatively, a fanatic is one who doubles his effort after he has forgotten his objective.

To paraphrase Disraeli, upon seeing that the welfare state still has supporters, I find it easy to believe that the Egyptians once worshiped insects.

Obviously a critic of the welfare state need not be conservative, only observant and logical. For a critique of the welfare state to be conservative, it must do more than remark that state's myriad failures. Such a critique must proceed from some distinctively conservative insights and values. The conservative rejection of the welfare state, like all truly philosophic judgments of political matters, rests on a

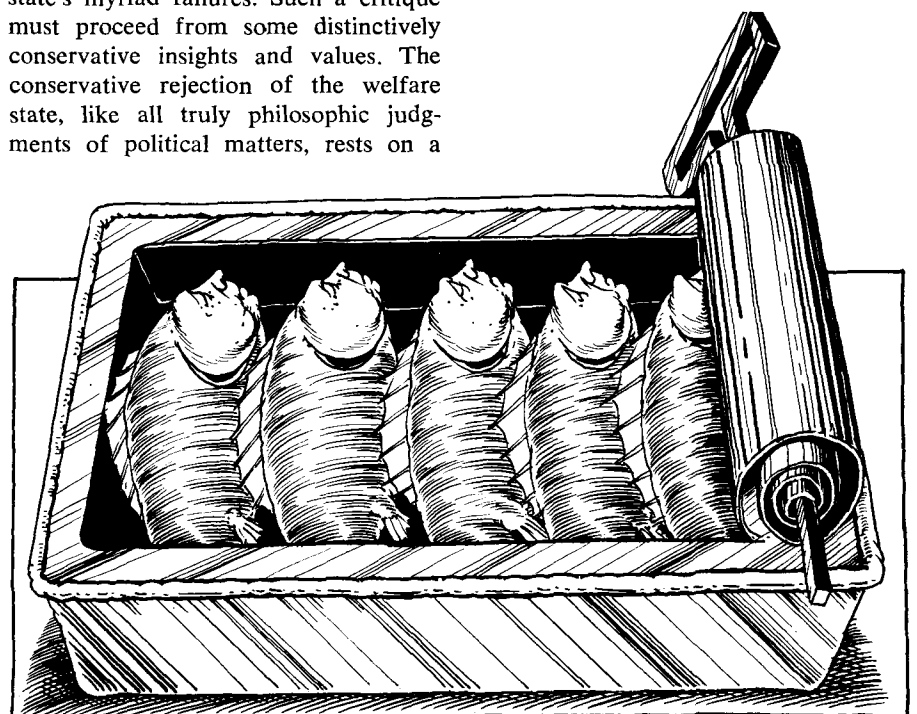
conception of man, and proceeds to derivative judgments about the nature of the good regime.

This can best be made clear by contrasting conservatism with liberalism.

Disastrous Doctrines

Liberalism has two quite different, but equally disastrous, doctrines about man. One doctrine should be called “tutorial liberalism.” This doctrine is immoderately hostile toward man's passions and appetites. It encourages immoderate hopes for the malleability of man. It says that man can be rendered perfectly rational and (thus) men can be perfectly harmonious social creatures.

In fact “tutorial liberalism” holds that perfect rationality and harmony are the “natural” conditions of men. Life would be rational and harmonious if only men were surrounded by a well-ordered state. Such a state should have an enveloping concern with the individual's welfare. It should monitor his education and his economic life. This welfare state should spare men the grubby experiences of looking after the necessities of life—such experiences might make them irritable. It should prevent competition which results in inequality. Such competition arouses spiritedness in winners and envy in losers. Spiritedness makes men unpredictable and unmanageable. Envy makes men unhappy. Irritable, spirited,



unhappy men are hard to perfect. This is the argument for the welfare state as supplied by "tutorial liberalism."

Another liberal doctrine should be called "flowering liberalism." This celebrates the passions. It holds that if only the government will free men from mundane concerns—like providing for themselves—then men will flower like green bay trees. This "flowering liberalism" conceives of man as a bursting pod, ready to explode spontaneously with good-natured creativity—if only the state will release him from distracting responsibilities. Eliminate material wants, eliminate frustrations, and men will flower under the protecting umbrella of the welfare state.

Both "tutorial liberalism" and "flowering liberalism" justify state proctoring of the citizens' productive and consuming activities. Conservatives believe that these liberalisms rest on false assumptions. Conservatives also believe that they foster government that is at best meddlesome and at worst dangerous.

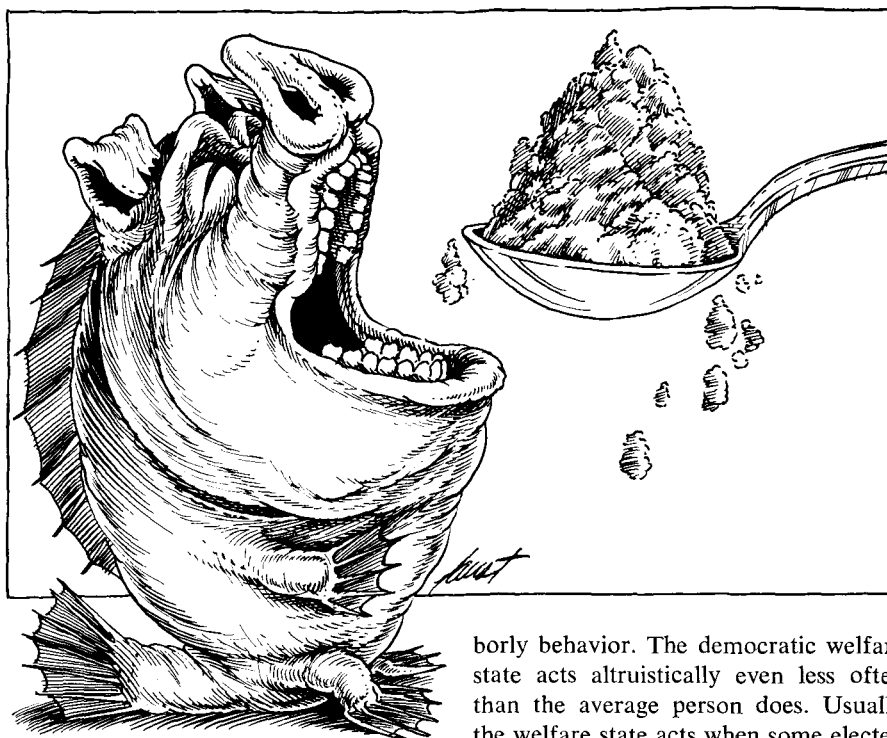
Conservatives believe that as the Bible says man is "born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." He is imperfect and unperfectable. He is born under the domination of strong and growing appetites and passions. But he is also born with a nascent rational capacity.

The task for reason is not to snuff out the passions or starve the appetite. Rather, it is to control and elevate them.

This alone enables men to live noble lives, in cooperation with their fellow citizens. The social conditions of living should help men learn to master their appetites. Indeed, reason is developed by the activity of planning and calculating for the provision of one's own wants. Thus the state should not spare men the necessity for such planning and calculating.

Conservatism denies that institutional tinkering can supply the permanent defects of human beings. Indeed, institutions must be accommodated to the fact that men are predominantly self-interested and will remain so.

Thus conservatism favors the social conditions which inflict disciplining competition and compel self-reliance. Conservatism favors government institutions which require disciplined political appetites. Conservatism favors constitutional republicanism. This is majority rule expressed through represent-



atives legislating under the restraint of fundamental law. Thus limited government results from requiring popular sovereignty to conform to the sovereignty of supreme law.

Conservatives understand that men need fewer "external" laws imposed by the state when they have stronger "internal" laws of personal discipline. Such discipline is encouraged by living in a society where men learn the need to direct their own energies for the satisfaction of their own appetites. In short, self-reliance is good for the soul, and men of well-ordered souls do not need, and will not tolerate a leviathan. Conservatives understand that not all forms of equality can be secured by government in a free society. Equality of opportunity can be secured; equality of condition cannot even be approximated without allowing a despotic government to suppress every form of excellence, and every deviation from mediocrity.

Good Fences

Above all, conservatism believes that a primary threat to the good life is the use of political power by some individuals to invade the private affairs of other individuals. Conservatives feel that good fences make good neighbors.

The welfare state demolishes fences; it is casual with the distinction between public and private affairs; its practices are a constant incitement to unneighborly behavior.

The democratic welfare state acts altruistically even less often than the average person does. Usually the welfare state acts when some elected official finds it in his political interest to use the power of the state, and the money of the people, to promote the welfare of an interest group. Fix this rule firmly in your mind: Welfare as commonly understood—measures intended to help poor people—is not the major issue when discussing the debilities of the welfare state.

No clients—neither the few poor nor the many strong—receive intelligent treatment from the welfare state. The welfare state's typical combination of inadequate information and inappropriate motives insures that. But the poor particularly are not the kinds of clients toward whom a democratic welfare state will be especially solicitous. On the contrary, the actions of a democratic welfare state on behalf of its most typical clients will hurt the poor in two ways. First, welfare-state actions will inflict general damage on the competitiveness—and hence the vitality and growth—of the economy. Second, these actions will involve many indirect but keenly felt injuries to the poor.

A free, booming, competitive economy—not the mythical altruism of the welfare state—is the only solid hope for the poor.

Dependent children are well-known welfare-state clients. Dependent farmers are more important. Welfare-state aid to dependent farmers insures that food for dependent children—and for the rest of us—will be unnecessarily expensive. Aid to dependent shoe man-

ufacturers will insure that dependent children—and the rest of us—will pay unnecessarily high prices for shoes. Why does this come to pass?

Representative government in a vast and complicated society responds with special sensitivity to the special pleading of organized groups with very specific interests. It is hard to know how to deliver “justice” for 205 million Americans. But any politician skilful enough to get to Washington knows exactly how to deliver import quotas and price supports for the cotton growers. Politicians, like the rest of us, like to do what they know how to do.

Selective Solicitude

Our welfare state is very solicitous about the welfare of cattlemen, and about textile and shoe manufacturers and cotton growers and growers of everything else; it is very solicitous of sellers of airline tickets and oil producers. It fixes thousands of prices—to keep them from falling as a result of competition. It exempts labor unions from antitrust laws—to enable them to restrict access to professions and thereby limit the number of competitors. The welfare state is especially fond of import quotas. When the state denies to its citizens the right to import what they please when they please, it guarantees, say, the shoemaker a captive market. That eliminates untidy competition from foreigners who make better shoes cheaper. Competition is messy and disorderly. Government loves order, and it is easy simply to reduce liberty, making those who lose the liberty pay the added penalty of it in higher prices for everything they consume.

But how does the welfare state escape the wrath of the general citizenry?

The fundamental point is this: What matters in our welfare state is *who is paying attention*.

The solicitousness on behalf of special interests is very obvious to—and very much appreciated by—those special interests. But these acts of favoritism are rarely very obvious to the general citizen, who has much better things to do with his time than monitor the details of legislative and bureaucratic decisions. And the injuries done to the average citizen—the diminution of liberty and disposable income—are done indirectly and by unspectacular increments. Hence the average citizen is more apt to be bewildered than in-

dignant. The average citizen senses the fact that his liberty and wealth are melting away, but he does not know how it is being done, or by whom. But the special interests—the unions and shoe manufacturers—know exactly how they have benefited, and they know exactly whom to thank, and how to thank them.

Shoemakers are organized; shoe wearers are not. Dairy men are organized on behalf of cheese import quotas; cheese eaters are not organized against them. No citizen can track down and effectively oppose even 1 per cent of 1 per cent of the government regulations, quotas, protected monopolies, fixed prices and other hidden taxes which diminish his liberties and his discretionary income.

This does not mean that we should abandon democracy. Rather, we should abandon the welfare-state mentality which tolerates meddlesome government. Such government will not mind its own business because it cannot distinguish its business from everyone else's business. All our *political* decisions should be made democratically; but we should make fewer political decisions. That is we should employ less state power, and leave more decisions to private arrangements among free producers and consumers.

By now it should be clear why I say that the significance of the welfare state lies not in its systematic application of an interesting economic theory. Nor is it the incarnation of an imaginative social philosophy. The real significance of the welfare state is very practical and very political.

I have referred to the welfare state as a device for using Peter's money to secure Paul's vote. To put the matter another way, the welfare state is the institutionalization of Harry Hopkins' well-known formula for political success. In a rare moment of candor, FDR's closest adviser declared that FDR's political technique was to “tax, tax—spend, spend—elect, elect.” That is a fair summation of the tactics of the New Deal, the spirit of the welfare state, and the degradation of democracy.

Factions are generally good for society. As Madison said, the more the merrier. Their competition and cooperation get things done; and they prevent the domination of a stable, solid and possibly tyrannical majority. But a multiplicity of factions is only a force for

good so long as the government remains neutral as the factions compete for the rewards of life. When the government intervenes in that competition and becomes a bestower of prosperity, the multiplicity of factions becomes a multiple attack on the public treasury and the public's liberties.

The entrepreneurial spirit has served us well. But that spirit is being transformed in two ways by the welfare state. It is being stifled and diluted by regulation which aims to substitute a bureaucracy's conception of rationality for market rationality. In addition, the entrepreneurial spirit has found a new and unwholesome outlet in the competition for government favors. Alert entrepreneurs understand that the government is now the primary creator of great private fortunes. Government dispensations—be they airline routes, television channels, radio frequencies or whatever—are as lucrative as they are effective in generating graft. (You may have noticed that this year the Internal Revenue Service, bowing to the realities of life in the welfare state, announced that bribes to government officials constitute a legitimate business expense deduction.)

Special Interest Groups

Many liberals recognize that what I have described is indeed the pattern of welfare-state action; they recognize that the coming of the welfare state did not change man from a self-interested and competitive animal; they know that, on the contrary, the coming of the welfare state just made the state an instrument that self-interested competitors try to capture for their private economic benefit. So liberals adopt a fall-back justification. They argue that all Americans are members of some such interest group, and hence the scramble after government-bestowed privilege is a *democratic* scramble for privilege.

This argument has many flaws:

First, it is an interesting theory, but only a theory. Not every American has a special pleading organization.

Second, a few Americans have special pleading organizations at work in every area where government actions affect their producing and consuming activities.

Third, not all special pleading organizations are created equal in strength.

Fourth, a free-for-all test of strength
(Continues on page 759)

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Hoffa—Baptized

CHARLES WALLEN JR.

BY THE WATCH-FIRES in a hundred executive suites the truck owners marked their calendar on the first day of April—one year to go before the combat with the Teamsters—and prayed silently for the redemption of James Riddle Hoffa, and members of the executive committee of the Brotherhood of Teamsters curse his memory and fear his return.

Their fear is based on an ontological argument—an argument for the existence of Hoffa based upon the widespread existence of the *idea* of Hoffa. Hoffa exists, hence Hoffa *is*.

Several months ago I intervened by letter with one of the nation's leading conservatives suggesting a word to the President that Hoffa should be pardoned. My reasoning was that Hoffa was convicted with tainted evidence, framed by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. Discussing this personally with my friend a few weeks later he told me that Nixon might parole Hoffa, but never on the basis that he was framed by Bobby Kennedy (and by implication, JFK), not wanting to offend the Democratic Party, or the independent segment thereof, which had exalted both men in their lifetimes, and had conferred sainthood on them following their deaths.

Hoffa has no illusions whatsoever about union democracy, so-called. His stunning achievements are based on his life-long belief that man is born pushing and shoving as the sparks fly upward. That he derived his power from the rank and file is undeniable. Even though the rank and file know they must turn in their Bill of Rights when they get their union buttons, they still believe in him. To them, he seemed to traverse the clouds with the majesty of a born leader. He envisioned a throne—that of emperor over kings and kinglets (i.e., vice presidents), all emasculated because they have no troops. He is a

field general and even as Napoleon wondered, always, "what is Paris thinking?" so Hoffa wondered what the rank and file were thinking, they being the true source of his power.

Once a famed negotiator told me that in dealing with Hoffa it was well to remember not to drink, not to smoke, forget about sleep and prepare to lose. He had a healthy respect for the pioneers of the enormous industry—men who came up the hard way—and the respect was and still is mutual, for they



share his disbelief in union democracy, and they respected Hoffa's iron hand in the maintenance of contracts, which was not egalitarian. As these pioneers aged and retired, or died off, their dynasties began to merge into giant corporations and the new barons that emerged were college-trained, began to play golf and join country clubs—Hoffa delighted in combat with the new breed. Imagine truckers playing golf! Incredible!

He was indeed, the King of the Road, an all-embracing, modish accolade, and the pioneers despaired of his being jailed.

It is high time the Nixon Administration took a serious look at Hoffa's own allegations that he was framed, the Kennedy mariolatry to the contrary and notwithstanding. The very fact that he supported Nixon in 1960, earning the undying hatred of the Kennedy court that later was to elevate the Crown Prince Bobby over Hoffa's still live and

protesting corpse, is enough to spur them on, not forgetting that this is an election year.

President Nixon could cohabit with Hoffa's philosophy with complete ease. Hoffa's words: "War on poverty? You cannot have a war on poverty with words. . . . The government, instead of fooling around with indirect relief, ought to put them on the payroll, right on the government payroll. Then *put them to work*." Even Governor Reagan agrees.

Why not set the Justice Department to work looking into the character of that Southern gentleman from Baton Rouge, the Hon. Edward Grady Partin, a Teamster business agent, even now under indictment in the federal courts for extortion and conspiracy, whose testimony finally turned the key on Hoffa?

IS IT REALLY true, as the infidel attorney Vincent Hallinan, the millionaire socialist of San Francisco, maintains that in dealing with many agents of the U.S. Government you must assume, until the contrary is completely established, that these representatives might commit felonies, invite perjury, conceal evidence, bribe witnesses, intimidate jurors, convey information to judges, and otherwise engage in practices which would be the cause for disbarment or imprisonment of a private attorney?

I think it is high time to find out. Hoffa's cruel terms of parole preclude him from any union activity until 1980.

Not only is this cruel punishment, which the Constitution forbids, it is also unusual. Even the Warren Court was supine and indifferent when, in my belief, the Justice Department under Bobby Kennedy trampled all over Hoffa's civil rights. Perhaps a presidential commission should be named to see if he got a fair deal. What if he is innocent?

In the present Teamster hierarchy, the vice presidents of the dukedoms turn and toss at night, haunted by the fear that the indomitable soldier may yet return.

Well, nathless—it could be worse: Hoffa does believe in hard work and husbandry—such social actions being good for the Teamster in general in that they keep him from thinking too much about politics and theology—and, by natural means, dull the edge of his ambition. □

Mr. Wallen has been in the trucking business for 35 years.

*Although General Torres and his Communist colleagues
have been overthrown, there's not a chance,
says the author, that Gulf will get back its oil fields.
And he explains why*

The New-Left Rightists in Bolivia

SELDEN RODMAN

AS AN Old Bolivian Hand who had visited the West's highest country three times without ever seeing its tropical lowlands, I had more than one motive for starting my fourth trip in Santa Cruz. The city is only an hour's flight across the Gran Chaco from Asunción, Paraguay, where I was staying. And it had been the scene not only of the military conspiracy under Colonel Hugo Banzer Suárez that had ousted General Juan José Torres and his Communist colleagues last year, but of the oil and gas installations of the Gulf Oil Company whose expropriation on October 17, 1969 by the Ovando regime led directly to the Marxists' takeover under Torres a few months later. I wanted to find out, before proceeding to Cochabamba and La Paz, what the conservative lowlanders thought of the takeover and how it had affected them. I wanted to see the oil fields and ask the workers whether they wanted Gulf back. And finally I wanted for once to avoid the altitude sickness that had always laid me low on landing at La Paz's 13,500-foot airport; everyone assured me that by creeping up gradually by way of Cochabamba I would "outwit" the *soroche*.

Santa Cruz is Bolivia's "frontier" city. In an undeveloped region as big as Texas, it is surrounded by unexplored jungles, Amazon-type rivers, fertile fields for growing year-round crops—not to mention immense mineral and petroleum deposits. Its citizens—like those of Guayaquil in Ecuador or San Pedro Sula in Honduras—deeply resent being exploited by the "drones" of the highland capital, and pride themselves on an enterprising individuality that they never tire of comparing with the pioneer spirit of nineteenth-century America. Their pro-



vincial capital has none of the Hispanic art treasures of cities like Sucre and Potosí in the Andes to the west, but its people are warm and hospitable and more than once have threatened to make common cause with Brazil or Argentina unless permitted reasonable autonomy.

Gulf and the Cruzeños

I spoke first with a leader in the business community who told me that things had been really booming in Santa Cruz when the nationalization of Gulf was announced. "Everybody was stunned, and all of us, from landowners to taxi-drivers, suffered. Land values fell 50 per cent. For a year and a half not a drop of oil was exported. Delay in completing the pipeline for natural gas has cost Bolivia \$30 mil-

lion in revenue from Argentina. And of course the termination of any further exploration—there is no Bolivian capital to finance this—will have incalculable effects once the present wells are pumped dry. But far worse than the expropriation of Gulf—which many applauded for nationalistic reasons and because the company was unpopular except with those on its payroll—was the American acquiescence in the Communist takeover by Torres which followed. Your ambassador never opened his mouth. We felt abandoned. We felt you had no interest in saving your allies. The Russians, in contrast, were generously financing the student organizations that burned your buildings. And they promised Bolivia a \$27-million loan—which even the Banzer government will no doubt accept, if no obvious strings are attached to it."

I asked him why Gulf had been so disliked. "Their public relations were terrible," he replied. "They staffed their headquarters with people from the mountains, ignoring the intense hostility. They wrote a letter to the local dentists to see who would bid the lowest for serving Gulf. They never joined the Santa Cruz Chamber of Commerce though invited to repeatedly. Their executives were not friendly types, like your AID officials, for example; at parties they didn't mix with the Bolivians. Finally, Gulf was too efficient, too automated; perhaps it should have padded its payroll a little to include more Bolivians. So in spite of the good

Mr. Rodman's most recent book, South America of the Poets, has just been re-issued as a University of Southern Illinois paperback. He is now working on a book about Brazil.

things the company was doing for Bolivia, there was little public sympathy when it was ousted. And yet . . . if a plebiscite were taken here today on whether to return the fields to Gulf, Gulf would win hands down. . . . Why? Because there is no continuity in jobs any more; it's all political. But, of course," he added, "the present government would never dare submit the question to a vote. Outlawed though it is, the student Left is still feared. Banzer removed our popular Minister of Interior, Andrés Sellich, six weeks ago, simply because he showed too much zeal in hunting down Communist students and executing them without trial."

I went next to see Ronnie Caballero, Gulf's public-relations chief and the only Gulf employee still in Santa Cruz. He was packing up to take a job in the Puerto Rico office. He wouldn't admit the company's indifference to native feelings, of course; but he gave a graphic account of what happened on the fateful day. "President Ovando signed the decree—which he had just told me he'd never sign—ten hours after Torres' soldiers seized the fields. They were so afraid the workers would take the installations back, they closed all the roads. Of the 367 permanent Bolivian employees, 365 quit the nationalized company that night. They had to be mustered into the armed forces to work the fields again; and then only after Manager George Hall pled with them to return voluntarily to avoid bloodshed—and for the good of the company."

I visited the fields the next day with a Bolivian friend who works in the Ministry of Agriculture. They are at Colpa, seventy kilometers west of Santa Cruz. From far away flames may be seen rising from the natural gas deposit already tapped. Until the pipeline is completed, \$45,000 worth of gas escapes every day by this stack. We spoke to one of the top officials of YPFB, the government oil monopoly. "Don't quote me by name," he said, "but the nationalization was bad for Bolivia. Soon we'll have to be importing oil again. We're finally exporting a little now, to Peru and Chile."

"Chile?" I said. "I see President Banzer quoted in the paper today saying that Chile is a menace to Bolivia's very existence."

He smiled. "Words, words. If you see him, ask him why. But the expropria-

tion was very unfair to Gulf which had invested \$150 million in good faith."

"How much compensation will Banzer be giving them?" I asked.

"Only \$80 million, and none of that until two years after Argentina starts paying us for its natural gas. Another bad blow was that Santa Cruz was receiving \$500,000 a month from Gulf and its affiliates in wages. Now we have to pay those wages—out of our taxes."

On the way back to Santa Cruz from the oil fields, I stopped at Bolivia's largest sugar mill. I heard the same story. Under Torres, students had hired trucks to storm the mill when a delegation of the workers called on them and said: "It's *our* plant, not yours, and so long as the present employers treat us fairly we won't take it from them. We have no problems. So if you storm 'La Belgica' you'll have to face us first."*

The Students

I was in Cochabamba, Bolivia's second largest city, for only a day—hardly enough even to savor its delightful subtropical climate—but I had two revealing experiences.

I had heard in Santa Cruz that peasants still keep the late President Barrientos' grave covered with fresh flowers. Barrientos, it will be recalled, was the swashbuckling air force general who overthrew the moribund MNR regime of Víctor Paz Estenssoro in 1964. Barrientos had welcomed Gulf Oil and American aid. And he put a swift end to Che Guevara's band of Cuban intruders—with Generals Ovando and Torres as his principal instruments, ironically. Was it possible, I wondered, that the peasants, who had been released from feudalism by the MNR during Víctor Paz's first term in 1952, still regarded Barrientos (rather than Paz or Torres) as their hero? Barrientos had been trying to get them legal tenure to the estates Paz had expropriated, but was going too slowly, the leftists said, to protect smaller, still unexpropriated landowners. The leftists also said Barrientos' friendliness to Gulf, as well as his efficiency in wiping out the *guerrilleros*, were byproducts of his dependence on the CIA.

*Wages of the five hundred employed in the plant average \$2,500 a year, highest in Bolivia. Railroad workers, for example, average \$900; tin miners, working for the state, less. I was amazed in this plant to see tin sheets (for canning the alcohol byproduct) imported from Germany. Bolivia, in other words, can't refine or process the metals it produces.

I found the grave of General Barrientos (who had died piloting his own helicopter) covered with freshly cut wild flowers. I asked the gravekeeper why the peasants admired Barrientos so much. "Because he was one of them," was the answer. "The Marxists don't have his kind of courage. And they don't realize that he welcomed American aid as the only way of developing Bolivia. You'll never find a peasant who is anti-American." And he went on to tell me the story I already knew of Barrientos' descent into the struck mine at Catavi the year he died. The president asked the strikers what they wanted and their leader answered bluntly, "We want to kill you," and handed him a stick of dynamite. "All right," Barrientos had replied, taking it, "now light it, if you have the guts, and we'll go up together!" No one dared, and Barrientos had walked out of the tunnel with his already formidable reputation for *machismo* enhanced.

That night in Cochabamba I met informally with a group of students. I found them sympathetic to the new right-wing government of Banzer, and pro-American, but wholly in accord with the nationalization of Gulf Oil. I asked them why. "Because," they said, "the contract gave Gulf 95 per cent of the oil for export, and the remaining 5 per cent was so little that we had to *buy* from Gulf's share to meet our own needs." "Only the Cruzeños disapproved of the takeover," one student said, "because Gulf's payroll meant so much to Santa Cruz's economy."

Bolivia has never recovered from the Paz Estenssoro revolution of 1952-54, another student told me, "because the illiterates who were given the land are lazy and haven't produced any more than is necessary for their own subsistence. As a result, Cochabamba now has to import *food*. Sure, the peasants' children are now getting primary-school education, but will they learn enough to produce, save and invest? The *campesino* does save money, in a sense. He buries it. And by the time he digs it up inflation has made it worthless."

Once again I found myself in the bleak Bolivian capital, suffering from *soroche*. And sleeping in a bullet-pocked room. This one happened to be across the street from the university where the students held out against Banzer's troops during the last inglorious day of Torres' anarchic rule. The university is still closed, but Presi-

dent Banzer plans to open it as soon as he can find enough non-Marxist professors to staff it—and enough students who want to learn a profession rather than agitate and store weapons.

'Stability'

The Banzer government thus far has been successful in steering a course between the socialist militancy of the revived MNR under Paz, who flew back from his long exile in Lima the day after the coup, and the conservative militancy of the Falange (FSB) which represented at most 10 per cent of the politically active population, and with which alone Banzer could never have governed. (The extreme Left, of course, is in Chile, underground or dead.)

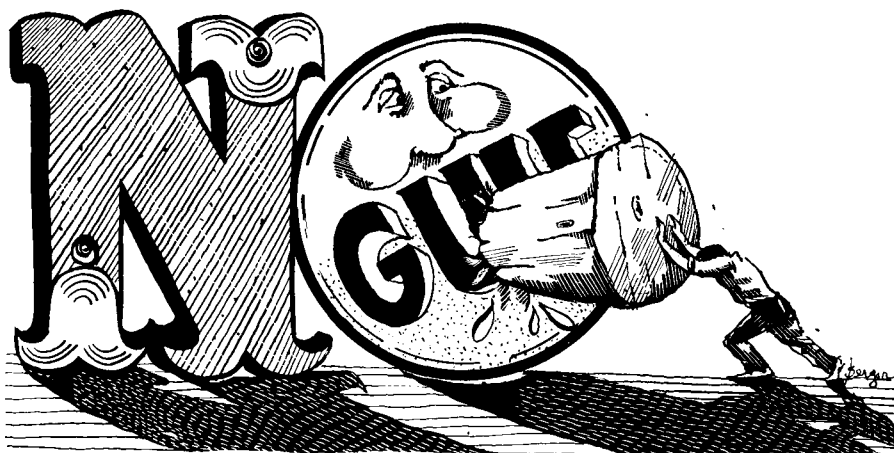
In the original cabinet that Banzer put together, the MNR and FSB were given five ministries each, the armed forces three, and the "private sector" three. Just before I arrived, Banzer had removed the most active member of Paz's party, Raúl Lema Paláez, as Minister of Finance, and the most active and outspoken rightist, Andrés Sellich, as Minister of Interior. Sellich was made ambassador to Paraguay (where I interviewed him later), not so much because of his zeal in killing Communists as because his raids and flamboyant speeches were getting more publicity than the activities of the government itself; Banzer may have anticipated a rightist coup. Lema Paláez was replaced because he had allegedly put MNR men in 60 per cent of the key posts in Customs and Internal Revenue—the traditional money-making posts in Bolivia—and Banzer had been warned that with total control Paz would not only be able to dictate government policy but also would be able to smuggle in arms for a possible future coup of his own.

Paz, when I went to see him, vehemently supported his party's alliance with the Falange. "Bolivia needs stability above all else," he told me, "and there's no other path to stability." He scoffed at the Cochabamba student's characterization of the peasants as "lazy," pointing out quite correctly that to give farmers land without credit, seeds, roads and technical know-how accomplishes nothing. "You could help give us some of these things," he said, "and finance our capital development, instead of building us roads and skyscrapers."

Was nationalizing Gulf a mistake? I asked him. "At the time they did it, yes," he said. "I don't oppose it in principle. Its contract with Bolivia, compared to Venezuela's fifty-fifty arrangement with the American companies, was bad. But coming when it did, the expropriation cost us millions and set us back years."

I talked to an American embassy economist about Gulf before leaving La Paz. Was it true, as the student in Cochabamba claimed, that Gulf took 95 per cent of Bolivia's oil? "No," he said. "Bolivia had the right to buy as much as it wanted. On what was exported, it received 35 per cent minimum, 50 per cent maximum, depending on variable factors; and just before Ovando moved in, Gulf offered him a whopping 60 per cent on all oil extracted. Most of the oil Bolivia uses doesn't come from Santa Cruz at all,

guay whether he thought Bolivia was now in a position to match Brazil's extraordinary developmental surge. "Not for a long while, unfortunately," he said. "Our army, unlike theirs, has always been in politics—which means making money via bribes and kickbacks—up to its ears. Banzer is honest, which is more than one could say about either Barrientos or Paz, but he can hardly put the army out of business. As for private enterprise, it is all monopolies, and all of them are government-controlled. Yet our economy is moving. You saw the streets being paved, the new buildings going up. The overthrow of Torres was a major blow to the Left in Latin America. With Chile, Peru and Bolivia in the bag, the tide might have been irresistible. Now, with Bolivia saved, and Allende faltering in Chile, the threat is hardly greater than that posed by Cuba. But don't



but from the Camiri fields expropriated from Standard Oil after the Chaco War. So why did he say what he did? Even most intelligent Bolivians are too nationalistic to recognize that the expropriation set Bolivia back years. All but the Cruzeños!"

America's Future

Sellich is too astute a politician to be quoted as deploring the nationalization of Gulf—or on why he'd been demoted. But when I talked with him in Asunción he did say that while he approved of Banzer's efforts, and of the alliance between MNR and FSB, he would return to his country to fight the Communists if there appeared to be the slightest sign of their making another bid for power. "I'll go back invited or uninvited," he told me, "legally or illegally."

I asked another Bolivian in Para-

make the mistake," he concluded, "of thinking that Gulf's nationalization was unpopular, or that American business will ever have the free hand it once had. Banzer's new Hydrocarbons Law is part of the same pattern you've seen in Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela and other countries with vast natural resources—even Brazil. Under this new law there will be no foreign 'concessions' and companies from abroad will sign contracts on a fifty-fifty split basis after recovery of their risk capital. If your country goes along with that policy, American business should have a great future in Latin America, and be operating in a stable and friendly environment for the first time."

One other thing I accomplished in Paraguay, before heading back to my base in Brazil. I got rid of my *soroche*—instantly. Next time I try to outwit it by creeping up from the lowlands, I'm going to creep on my knees! □

What Makes Charlie Run?

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

FLYING in a small, slow, unarmed prop-driven plane from Saigon in the south all the way to Danang in the north without once being shot at is pretty good proof, to this correspondent at least, that the situation is not as bad as it has been made out to be. Flying even lower and slower from Danang to Hué in a chopper, hovering over rice paddies and villages and closely following the contours of the land in order to draw fire, and not getting any, reinforces the impression that the Vietcong cadre is still recovering from 1968 and that much-maligned program, Vietnamization.

Let us consider what is actually happening in Vietnam right now, as distinguished from the impression the outside world has formed.

After almost three months of continuous fighting the North hasn't much to show for its efforts: one provincial capital taken, three provincial capitals threatened, renewed Vietcong activity in the previously pacified Delta, twelve NVA divisions in South Vietnam. Compare this with the 1968 Tet offensive: After twelve days the North had overrun twenty provincial capitals, steamrolling them without the tanks, heavy guns and sophisticated weapons they are using this time around. They did all this with approximately forty to sixty thousand men (plus Vietcong) against a half-million Americans, Koreans, Thais, Australians and New Zealanders (plus South Vietnamese).

The facts are undeniable. ARVN is doing all the fighting, is fighting well considering the initial disaster, and has held the supposedly unstoppable NVA to three draws and one loss. Not a brilliant record, but not a catastrophe. Contrary to predictions, ARVN will not collapse into a heap in the near future, provided air support continues. This is so for a number of reasons. South Vietnam's population is concentrated in the Delta and Saigon, and along a coastal strip fifteen miles wide. The bulk of the ARVN strength is there. Only a thin line of troops had

been assigned to defend Kontum and the Central Highlands, where the population is sparse—and where the Vietcong have been established for years. And yet Kontum, besieged by NVA elite troops, has not fallen (again, contrary to widespread predictions). The same goes for Hué, Anloc and of course Saigon. The fact is that no major town except for Quangtri has fallen to the Communists. If some of the towns in the hinterlands do fall it will not be strategically important except for morale. What is vital is the retention of Saigon and the Mekong Delta.

The fall of Quangtri was in some ways a blessing in disguise. It sparked a reshuffling of the First Military Region's command and hastened the end of politically motivated appointment and promotion practices. This was an immediate morale booster for ARVN. A few units are still led by incompetent commanders, but there are more and more formations fighting well because the troops have developed a feeling of responsibility to their comrades and their leaders.

THE LOCAL anti-Communist forces, too, are stronger than they were when the offensive began three months ago. All the recently formed paramilitary units are being marshaled into combat readiness, with clear-cut command channels and logistic systems.

Finally, the bombing the North Vietnamese troops have sustained during the offensive has taken a tremendous toll in manpower and matériel. They should have run out of steam, but their dedication remains above reproach.

Which brings us to the other side of the coin: What makes Charlie tick? There are four reasons for the NVA's effectiveness as a military machine.

1. General Vo Nguyen Giap does not hesitate to sacrifice men to achieve his objectives. Unlike commanders of American-advised South Vietnamese units, whose primary objective is always the safeguarding of their men's lives,

the NVA leaders believe that men are expendable, and fight accordingly. ARVN intelligence has heard NVA units radio for permission to withdraw north, pleading severe losses and the need to refit. The reply is always refusal, with threats of punishment. The NVA's discipline follows the Prussian model: The soldiers obey orders because they know that death is possible from up front, but absolutely certain from behind.

2. B-52 strikes alone cannot be expected to hold the line, nor is each individual strike's success a certainty. Despite the tons of explosives they rain on the enemy daily, their computerized pre-planned schedules seldom find a column unprepared—i.e., not dug in. The NVA long ago became masters of digging in to neutralize saturation bombing. Whenever possible, Charlie likes to stick close to the civilian population (as in Anloc and Quangtri), making himself immune to most air attacks.

3. Once the NVA has completed an operation, it retreats into the jungle, digs in, and waits for the next opportunity to strike. This is why it is essential for ARVN to mount sweeping operations instead of relying on a system of static defenses.

4. Russian 130-mm. guns not only outrange the allied 105-mm. field guns but also the 155-mm. medium guns of the South Vietnamese. Also, the NVA gunners are vastly superior to their ARVN counterparts.

And a final, but very important point: the way in which the military situation, including reserve movements and reinforcements, is reported tends to give the enemy an inestimable advantage. For the first time in this protracted conflict there are bad guys and good guys, depending on whose side you are on. More important, there *are* sides. War is being fought on a conventional level with the small difference that one side is covered by a ubiquitous, demanding, hypercritical (to the point of being hostile) press, while the other enjoys immunity from second-guessing, from having to explain tactics that failed or plans that went awry, and from moralistic lectures about its brutality to the local population or its own troops. □

Mr. Theodoracopulos, NR's roving correspondent, reports on the Algerian Liberation Fronts in the next issue.

Continuing the discussion of the Moscow ABM and arms limitation agreements launched in our last issue, Dr. Edward Teller, "Father of the H-bomb" and perhaps the nation's foremost authority on things nuclear, pronounces his verdict

Should the Senate Ratify the SALT Accords?

EDWARD TELLER

THERE ARE two kinds of agreements. The first kind starts with "Do," the second starts with "Don't."

I prefer the first kind. Some of the agreements reached in Moscow last month fall into this category. Russian and American scientists may indeed join their efforts to bring cancer under control. In a joint effort it will be clear what each side contributes. If there is progress, some mutual confidence may be gained, and this confidence could be as important as actual success. President Nixon was right in calling such agreements building blocks of peace.

The second kind of agreement has been the goal of our Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. I am generally dubious about the value of such agreements. The moment you say "Don't," you must raise the question whether your opponent will honestly observe the prohibition.

In a recent article (*NR*, June 23), Donald G. Brennan compared the SALT accords—with treaty on defensive missiles and the Interim Agreement on offensive strategic missiles—with the San Francisco earthquake. (In one sense Brennan indulges in an understatement: SALT, more than the earthquake, is apt to have global repercussions.) I agree with the facts, the logic and the sentiments in that article. I disagree with the conclusions.

Dr. Brennan has approved past disarmament measures. He opposes the SALT agreements. Senator Henry Jackson, a staunch supporter of national security and a real force in American politics, seems to take a similar view. But there is a basic difference between the past and the present.

By the limited Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty of 1963 we introduced a radical



change. At that time, when the Russians had more experimental information than we on missile defense (due to their secret preparations to violate the test moratorium of the late 1950s) and on the development of high-yield nuclear weapons, we agreed to freeze a situation in which they had an advantage in knowledge. We accepted a limitation on catching up with important Russian knowledge concerning nuclear weapons and their applications; and this I opposed.

In the following years the Soviets

made good use of their advantage. They deployed rockets capable of carrying their high-yield explosives. They also continued to make progress in missile defense.

In 1968 the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty made a long step toward the stabilization of a policy based on the capability for Mutual Assured Destruction (which Brennan rightly characterized by its initials: MAD). Instead of attempting to ban the proliferation of aggressive weapons, we put a ban on the expansion of the nuclear club. At that time I made a proposal to permit the deployment of missile defense abroad, which of course must rely on the use of nuclear explosives. The misuse of these explosives could have been ruled out by appropriate electronic apparatus. Their justified use in self-defense could have strengthened the security of our allies. The proposal was not adopted. The treaty was ratified and the security as well as the unity of the free world were thereby weakened.

The Choice

Unlike these two previous accords, the ABM treaty which is up for ratification does not introduce an essential change in the existing situation. It merely recognizes political realities. We must make a choice if we indeed care for the safety of the American people. We might decide to spend a minimum of an additional \$100 billion for defense in the next five years, and thus build a full-scale antimissile defense system. No great gift of prophecy is needed to know that this will not happen. The only alternative is to ratify the treaty.

Our ABM deployment to date has been essentially a pilot operation. This operation succeeded in that it gave us

a small measure of safety, introduced some uncertainty into Russian planning, and increased our practical knowledge of missile defense. This knowledge was desperately needed, since the Russians are years ahead of us in this field. But to follow up these initial successes would take more money than we are likely to spend. Thus it is not unreasonable for us to conclude the treaty and to ratify it.

The Russian Mind

Why have the Russians agreed? I do not know. Perhaps they have discovered that missile defense is too uncertain, too difficult, too expensive. That is the optimistic view of their motives; quite possibly it is mistaken. But we must remember that the Russians know much more than we do about the practical aspects of missile defense.

Perhaps the Russians plan to cheat or to circumvent the treaty. They may plan to make careful preparations to abrogate the treaty when they are ready to act, and then deploy their expanded defenses before we have time to take sufficient countermeasures. This would be a repetition of the successful measures they took in 1961 when they suddenly terminated the test moratorium. Ratification of the treaty would not increase this terrible danger. It exists in any case.

In my opinion, the most probable Russian motive is that they intend to lull us into a false sense of security. But we can ratify the treaty and still remain alert. It may be more accurate to say that we ought to become alert. The false sense of security already exists.

The Moscow agreements also put limits on the offensive deployment of rockets. This part of the agreement does not require ratification, though the President has submitted it to both Houses of Congress for a vote of approval. And it does undoubtedly require careful discussion.

The agreement puts some limits on the further increase of Russian superiority in numbers of rockets and on the total weight that Russian rockets can lift and deliver. (That latter aspect of their superiority is particularly ominous.) American rocket deployment is even more sharply limited. Furthermore we, at least, will scrupulously observe the agreement. But we have been unilaterally observing the same limitation for some years past. There is no

real hope we will break through this pattern of self-restraint in the near future even if Congress refuses to ratify the treaty and approve the agreement on rockets.

It should also be remembered that it is less expensive to continue a deployment than to start it. Since the Russians have the momentum now, since they possess the functioning production facilities while we would have to make a new start and gather speed, this part of the SALT agreement might even have some advantage for us. This advantage may be small but it could well be real.

There is one important point of Brennan's with which I find myself in complete disagreement. He charges that Nixon should have made the "experiment" of asking Congress for funds to prevent Russian nuclear superiority. He suggests that this approach still could be tried.

I differ. You do not make an experiment in politics which is sure to be counterproductive. Furthermore, settling the war in Vietnam had first priority. A defeat in Vietnam would have destroyed American credibility and American alliances. Now, due to the decisive and courageous action of President Nixon, there is a chance to assure the freedom of the people of South Vietnam. Then we can withdraw with honor.

Some Encouragement

The real problem is to win over American public opinion to support of needed and justified defense. The President's imaginative initiatives in Peking and Moscow constitute an attempt to strengthen peace without added military expenditures. If he succeeds, we should all be happy. If he fails in this incredibly ambitious undertaking, the psychological groundwork will have been laid for the needed alternative—even if it is very costly.

We may also take encouragement from a novel provision in the ABM treaty. Article XIII establishes a Standing Consultative Committee to consider the question of how to strengthen mutual confidence that the treaty is being honestly observed. In a treaty of the "Don't" variety such a provision is a must. The Senate should instruct the executive branch to exploit Article XIII in every reasonable manner.

This implies that the Senate should

grapple with the important and difficult question of how observance of the treaty can be verified. In this way we might come up with significant safeguards. The Senate might exercise at the same time its essential prerogative of giving guidance in the further SALT negotiations that are planned. In the past, we have had perhaps too much "Consent" and too little "Advice." In arms control, responsible and informed advice is badly needed.

Dr. Brennan is right that the "Don't" agreements concluded in Moscow leave us in a position that is difficult and dangerous. What should be done?

Toward Tomorrow

In the first place we should realize that we are not engaged in a classic arms race where quantity matters. We are engaged to a much greater extent in a technological race where invention and development are essential. In five years, or at most ten, the technological situation may create new potentialities, new dangers, and new approaches to security.

Unfortunately, the Russians are getting ahead of us in the development of the applications of science in technology. We should keep in mind that today the world's largest high-quality science center is Akademgorodok, near Novosibirsk. And it is *open*. It is the largest visible portion of the Russian technological iceberg. In contrast, the interest in defense, in all kinds of technology, and even in science, is rapidly declining in American colleges and universities.

We must do something about this. If we don't, we shall lose our comforts, our safety and our nation before the end of the twentieth century. In this regard no treaty limits us. In fact, no treaty can be written about the unknown future results of science and technology.

In the second place, we must do something to repair and to strengthen our alliances. America by itself may not be able to stop a Russian drive to dominate the world. A united and determined free world could certainly do so.

It is particularly important for the Senate to raise the question: In what way might the ABM treaty hurt the unity of the West (including Japan, *(Continues on page 758)*)

WHEN the Pearce Commission was given the impossible task of deciding if the settlement terms worked out between the British and Rhodesian governments were "acceptable to the people of Rhodesia as a whole," Bishop John Robinson, who wrote that trendy work of popular theology *Honest to God*, offered to bet anybody £50 (as a donation to Oxfam, naturally) that the Commission would declare the terms acceptable.

"Everybody," he says, "fully expected the Commission to do a whitewash operation. The government would not have sent them if it had believed otherwise."

He was wrong, of course. The Commission has reported that the answer is no. And Bishop Robinson says he is delighted to have lost £25 (which was the most he could actually get anyone to take). That a Bishop should have been so ready to doubt the integrity not only of the British government, but of a senior judge and his eminently respectable colleagues on the Commission, shows the intense political prejudice with which hard-core liberals in Britain regard the Rhodesian problem. They are very much a minority, but they are, as usual, over-represented in the communications media.

Personally I never had the slightest doubt that Lord Pearce would do his job as honestly and objectively as possible; which is precisely what worried me, since the job he was asked to do made no political or practical sense unless it was going to be, as the Bishop said, a "whitewash."

The settlement terms, after all, constituted a very remarkable diplomatic achievement. Fundamentally incompatible positions had been brought just close enough together to provide a slim, but real, way out of the deadlock. What good purpose could be served by exposing this hard-won and precarious solution to a crude test of largely illiterate public opinion, swayed by African nationalist politicians who were bound to reject any terms acceptable to the white Rhodesians?

The Pearce Commission's own activities contributed heavily to the result. The Africans quite naturally assumed that the arrival of British officials, behaving rather like old-fashioned District

LETTER FROM LONDON

Back to Square One

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Commissioners, meant that Britain still had effective authority in Rhodesia (which she hasn't) and that, if these terms were rejected, better ones could then be negotiated (which they can't). Otherwise, reasoned the Africans, why bother to ask their opinion?

So they raised clamorous objections—and the only chance of a settlement in the foreseeable future has been thrown away—one more sacrifice to the wanton political delusions which have cobwebbed the Rhodesian affair from the beginning.

What happens now? The short answer is—nothing. The British government, having set up the Pearce Commission, had little choice but to abide by its verdict. The Rhodesian government has no intention of making any further concessions. The African National Council, which led the campaign against the settlement, is powerless to exploit its victory.

REPORTING TO the House of Commons, the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, was very subdued. He could only recommend letting the dust settle, in the hope that some day, somehow, somebody would change his mind and a new opportunity would present itself. Meanwhile, sanctions will continue, including the ludicrous Royal naval patrol off Beira, which is like a cat watching an unused mouse-hole while the mice scamper freely in and out through a dozen other entrances.

Sir Alec managed to quiet Conservative right-wingers, who were becoming restive about the continuance of this charade, by warning them privately that, if Britain withdrew, the Russians might volunteer to take over. The Soviet fleet, already active in the Indian Ocean, would acquire a new and dangerous role, and Russian influence in central Africa would increase. The validity of this argument is debatable, but Sir Alec's listeners found it more persuasive than the alternative reason sometimes given for continuing sanc-

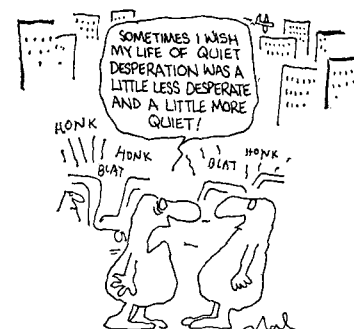
tions, that by dropping them Britain would forfeit both trade and good relations with black Africa.

Liberals, meanwhile, are demanding that sanctions be more rigorously enforced by other members of the United Nations. But, during the past four years, Britain has lodged 170 complaints about sanctions-breaking, and nobody has paid the slightest attention to any of them. Sanctions are, in fact, likely to become steadily less, rather than more, effective.

The Rhodesian Prime Minister, Ian Smith, told a British television reporter that his government would simply carry on as before—but perhaps paying rather less attention to Britain's wishes than it had been doing lately. There will be a tendency, now that the compromise solution has been rejected, for Rhodesia to move further toward apartheid-style arrangements, particularly in the allocation of land.

Rhodesia's most acute problem is a shortage of foreign currency. This hinders industrial development and makes even more difficult than it would be otherwise the provision of enough jobs for an African population which is multiplying at a frightening rate. Rhodesians are not much inclined, however, to worry about the day after tomorrow.

In the short term they do face one other increasingly serious shortage. Supplies of Scotch whisky have almost dried up, and they are having to drink the local stuff—which is certainly a hardship but unlikely to bring them to their knees. □



Anthony Lejeune is a syndicated columnist and NR's London correspondent.

The Amish Case

PRAISE BE, the Old Order Amish won't have to migrate to Brazil. For the Supreme Court of these United States, unanimously, has declared that a state government has no right to compel Amish children to attend public schools.

This commentator, almost since he began writing this page, has been concerned for the plight of the Amish. In nine states, the devout Amish, despite their simple and unoffending ways, have been prosecuted and persecuted, from time to time, because they refuse to enroll their children in public schools.

Early in 1971, the supreme court of Wisconsin ruled that Amish children could not be compelled to attend the public schools of New Glarus, Wisconsin. Wisconsin's attorney general appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. The Amish never enter upon suits at law, but their right was defended by the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom, headed by the Reverend William Lindholm, a Lutheran pastor in Michigan. This committee engaged Mr. William Ball, a Pennsylvania lawyer (and a Catholic) who specializes in school cases, to oppose the state of Wisconsin before the Supreme Court.

Mr. Ball kindly sent me a copy of his brief in this case of *Wisconsin v. Yoder*, and I wrote to him at the time that his argument was utterly persuasive; I couldn't imagine any justice of the Supreme Court remaining unconvinced by it. Mr. Ball wasn't so sure. Yet I was right, and not even that habitual dissenter Justice Douglas voted against.

"The Amish are emphatically in favor of education," Mr. Ball wrote in his brief, "but an 'education for life' as seen in terms of their religious view as to how life should be lived and as to the single goal of life, which is union with God. Amish education has followed the pattern of classical *wisdom* rather than *technos*. It has emphasized

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

the moral wisdom of producing good men, rather than the technical, which can produce the competent barbarian, the intellectual rioter, the revolutionist and the criminal."

There should be many different kinds of education, Mr. Ball continued; and not all education need take place in a schoolroom. "Only if it be deemed a crime to be an Amishman, or that the Amish should have no liberty to live the Amish life, can it be said that Amish education is not a real 'education.' As has been brought out in the testimony, the Amish consider that the study of elementary reading, writing and arithmetic has its place in helping a child become a participating member of the community. . . . The Amish system of education beyond the eighth grade of 'learning by doing' in the agricultural life of crop-raising, animal husbandry, farm maintenance and management—coupled with living as a helping and responsible family man and neighbor in the self-sustaining Amish faith-community—may be regarded as ideal education. . . . While products of Amish education measure up well in certain accepted forms of standardized testing, showing secular competence, their admirable attitudes toward nature, the ecology, war, peace, violence, lawfulness, thrift, family, marriage, hard work and love of neighbor are the direct outflow of that great area of their educational formation which is *religious* and concerned with the possession of *wisdom*."

IN EFFECT, the Burger Court has said amen to that: the Nine have upheld the decision of Wisconsin's supreme court "that although education is a subject within the constitutional power of a state to regulate, there is not such a compelling state interest in two years' high-school compulsory education as will justify the burden it places upon the appellants' free exercise of their religion."

So the Old Order Amish, after decades of tribulation, at last are emancipated from the tyranny of truant officers. But what of other parents who object strenuously to being compelled to send their children to public schools? The Supreme Court's decision in *Wis-*

consin v. Yoder applies only to the Amish and, by reasonable extension, to such other close-knit religious sects as protest on principle against having their children secularized and forcibly integrated into the schools of *technos* that would make the children so many tiny identical factors in an enormous producer-consumer equation. Must everybody else submit to educational dragooning?

Well, recent primary elections have made it sufficiently clear that most American parents do not intend to be dragooned into forced busing on the basis of racial quotas. If it is unconstitutional to force children to attend public schools against the religious convictions of their parents, may it not be unconstitutional to bus children compulsorily, against their parents' wishes, into schools that are anarchic, intellectually inadequate and alien to parents' moral and social convictions? This question is raised by a Nashville lawyer, Mr. Jack Kershaw (who specializes in busing cases), in a plea before the Chancery Court of Davidson County, Tennessee.

Mr. Kershaw argues that the compulsory school attendance law of Tennessee is being unconstitutionally applied. If this case reaches the federal courts, he will appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court's decision in the *Mecklenberg* case—which states that practices of school integration which might be unsafe or "impinge on the educational process" are to be considered in any busing program.

In Mr. Kershaw's Davidson County brief, it is contended that the dangers and inequities of the local busing scheme "have in fact affirmatively deprived the plaintiffs and other members of the classes they represent of their liberties, privileges, immunities and property without due process of law . . ."; that "the compulsory attendance law as interpreted and applied by the defendants to require students to submit to assignment and transportation on the basis of their race constitutes false imprisonment without a warrant," in violation of the Tennessee and U.S. constitutions—and constitutes involuntary servitude, too.

The force of public opinion today considered, state and federal courts may find it prudent to weigh carefully Mr. Kershaw's arguments. □

BOOKS

The Young Turks of 1968

JEFFREY BELL

Catch the Falling Flag: A Republican's Challenge to His Party

By Richard J. Whalen

Houghton-Mifflin, 308 pp., \$6.95

In the year or two before Richard Nixon won the last Republican presidential nomination, a cadre of issues-oriented young conservatives repaired, one by one, to his banner. This group set the political and ideological tone of his struggle for the nomination and, to a somewhat lesser degree, for the general election against Hubert Humphrey. They were divided on many individual issues, but shared the belief that the country needed a substantial turn to the right of what had gone before. The group included Martin Anderson, Patrick Buchanan, Alan Greenspan, Richard Whalen, Richard Allen, John Sears, Kevin Phillips, William Gavin and a few spear-carriers, including this reviewer.

These men drafted the bulk of Nixon's pre-election speeches and statements, and many tactical treatises and poll analyses as well. None had worked for Nixon in his previous campaigns. All advocated conservative policies and a conservative running-mate as the best way to get elected. All saw Richard Nixon as an experienced political pro who could turn the country their way, as they believed they were defining it for him. None ever exercised more than token influence in the Nixon Administration. With one or two exceptions, all are unconnected with Richard Nixon and his government today.

Richard J. Whalen, the best-known member of the group and the first to leave it, has written a personal account of this conservative cadre and why it failed. He focuses on the year from August 1967 to August 1968, a period that covers not only Whalen's own tenure but the rise of Richard Nixon from lightly regarded long-shot to nominee and overwhelming general-election favorite. It's a story of youthful idealism, heady triumph and, at the end and as a disconcerting theme throughout, low comedy.

A pivotal moment for Whalen, though not the literal end, was his first meeting with John D. Ehrlichman, a Seattle real-estate lawyer and erstwhile advance man who suddenly appeared as arrangements manager at the Miami Beach Convention. After being denied what he saw as a routine request,

Whalen asked in exasperation, "Just who the hell are you? I've never laid eyes on you or heard your name mentioned. And I'll be damned if I'm going to take orders from you."

"Look," said Ehrlichman, "I've been with Nixon a long time, and I've seen writer and researcher types like you come and go. You'll go where *I* say you go." Ehrlichman was right. A man with no fixed beliefs and no discernible interest in issues or even politics, he

went on to become the Nixon Administration's most powerful domestic policymaker.

Whalen was not alone among the Young Turks of 1968 in directing his anger at late-coming bureaucrats like Ehrlichman. But much earlier than any of the others, he came to see that these men were not arrogant usurpers, but of one flesh with Nixon's own desires and deepest needs. This is a grieving, bitter memoir, necessarily self-centered and at times self-pitying. It exposes more than one good man to discomfort if not distress. But given the stakes Whalen and the others played for, and the results that have flowed from Richard Nixon's election, his character and his methods, the author's Old Testament anger does not seem disproportionate to his subject.

IN A MAJOR departure from his first two books (*The Founding Father* and *A City Destroying Itself*), Whalen has combined his previously evident gifts of analysis and narration with the best qualities of the New Journalism, and the result is an eloquent and exciting novel of fact. What Tom Wolfe did to Leonard Bernstein, Whalen has done to Richard Nixon in full and ruthless measure. And because character is the most important single element of politics (the truth of which the Young Turks were most ignorant), this is the most important book written about Richard Nixon to date.

Nixon policies could never have taken the form and thrust they did had it not been for Nixon's character, and this is the central theme of Whalen's book. "I soon discovered," he writes of a conference on Vietnam policy, "that he did not wish to be persuaded of the validity of our ideas. Rather, he



sought guidance in the procedure that was the sum of his 'centrism'—the pragmatic splitting of differences along a line drawn through the middle of the electorate. . . . The grand theme interested him less than the small adjustment, which might provide an avenue of escape."

Whalen, like nearly everyone who has ever spoken to Nixon, is impressed with his "superior intelligence." But he became gradually appalled at the use to which Nixon put his gifts: ". . . he put an intellectual's mind in the service of a salesman's temperament. He did not express ideas, he put them across—and, in the process, turned them into something else."

Whalen is prickly and populist, and it's hard to conceive of a reader who will share all his unpredictable and occasionally contradictory views. But no one who reads this book can doubt that he is, in most things, a conservative, and despite his critique of Nixon's character the purpose of the book is philosophical. There are essays on race, politics, the New Left, the media and the decline of American institutions that are alone worth the price of the book. The last fifty pages of the text are entitled "In Power: A Critical Perspective." This section is a concise, penetrating portrait of what went wrong—the "why" suffuses the narrative that precedes it.

"As a Republican," Whalen writes in his Introduction, "I am moved to challenge the Nixon Administration's self-deception—that our party can govern successfully with borrowed ideas and without any guiding ideals. . . . My only loyalty is to the survival of America in freedom, and we are weaker and less free today than we were when Nixon entered the White House."

TWO THEMES define almost everything that has happened in the Nixon Presidency: the theme of amorality and the theme of borrowing. The first leads inevitably to the second, and the second back to the first in a never-ending cycle. Here is Whalen on Nixon and Kissinger: "Neither man gave the slightest indication that his statecraft was an expression of a coherent personal philosophy or a stable set of values. All was maneuver in an amoral universe ordered by Realpolitik. The Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy, while undeniably daring, had the weakness of being pursued independent of a popu-



lar consensus or even much public understanding. It went on above the heads of the American people as though it were a high-wire act involving the participants alone." When the act got dull, the inevitable borrowing from the fondest liberal fantasies riveted everyone's gaze anew.

The Administration's domestic approach was best expressed by a high White House aide Whalen quotes: "There is no ideology, no central commitment, no fixed body of thought." Such vacuums, of course, are made to order for such aggressive liberals as Moynihan and Elliot Richardson. The amorality leads to the borrowing, and the inevitable result is FAP, expansion of the Great Society programs Nixon campaigned against, deficits and peacetime controls. "The President and his men," writes Whalen, "did not arrive in Washington with the intention of restoring Great Society liberalism. But they arrived empty-handed, which makes their intentions . . . the hostage of their circumstances. Under the pressure of the program and budget cycles, the Nixon men have been forced to make wholesale borrowings from the Democrats. . . . Moynihan's parting praise of the President for preserving faith in the system by maintaining continuity with the Johnson Administration attempted to make helpless default appear to be an act of deliberate choice."

"Nixon," argues Whalen, "is both

the impulsive gambler of 1971-72 and the play-safe strategist of the 1968 campaign. He has made the cautious judgment, amounting to a self-fulfilling prophecy, that the Republicans will remain an electoral minority through his Presidency. Instead of attempting to build a Republican majority based squarely on a new populist conservatism and specific programs for Middle America, Nixon's sights this year are set on the same goal as in 1968: an ad-hoc, one-shot plurality."

In a "memo" to Nixon which closes the book, Whalen writes, "The difference between what your Administration has done and proposed to do, and what a Humphrey Administration would have done, is not very significant. What is sadly significant is that a liberal Democratic Administration would have acted out of mistaken conviction. Your Administration's slithering to the left—to borrow a phrase from our common political hero, Churchill—is prompted by mistaken calculation."

TO THE handful of young conservative "idea men" who helped Nixon win nomination and election, the most galling aspect of what has transpired since is our continuing belief that the country was ripe for a conservative departure in 1968. That is not now the case, for the disappointments and new realities created by the Nixon Administration have made a kind of near-radicalism seem, to many Americans, a more promising alternative to the status quo liberalism embodied by the President and his policies. But if the Right ever gets another chance in presidential politics, the Young Turks of that campaign would do well to put this book at the top of their reading list. Not only is it the best book on Richard Nixon, and a superb critique of this time and place in America, but the only work I know of that intimately examines the role of the "idea man" in politics, his opportunities and perils. □

Jeffrey Bell served on President Nixon's personal campaign staff. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** is editor of the Rickenbacker Report, an investment advisory service, and is NR's music critic. . . . **David Brudnoy** will teach Negro history at Merrimack College in the fall. . . . **Jared Lobdell** will join the faculty at Pace College in September.

No Name in the Street

By James Baldwin

Dial, 197 pp., \$5.95

BLUES FOR MR. BALDWIN

DAVID BRUDNOY

Crudely speaking, there are two grand theories to account for personal or group failings: that attributing it all to others, and that which assumes that one fails because of inner inadequacies. We almost always stand back from the extremes and settle on a compromise somewhere along the continuum. But a symptom of paranoia, and a hallmark of the various contemporary extremist ideologies in America, is the choice of the "others are to blame for everything" approach. When a significant thinker, or a superb writer, or anyone for whom we've felt great respect, crosses that line, it is a time for mourning.

James Baldwin has only once, to my recollection, written a totally dreadful book, his play *Blues for Mister Charlie*, although portions of *Another Country* were unreadable, and swatches of his *Rap on Race*, with Margaret Mead, were ludicrous. But in general Mr. Baldwin writes brilliantly, particularly his non-fiction essays in *Notes of a Native Son*, *Nobody Knows My Name* and *The Fire Next Time*. The man's talent for running words excitingly across a page, carrying thoughts to heights of perception, rarely falters. *No Name in the Street* is at once another example of James Baldwin's enormous gift with words, and rather conclusive proof that he has finally crossed that street separating those who blame everything unhappy for his group—here, his race—on others, and those who don't.

When he writes of his affection, his esteem for Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, of his love for various friends and relations, when he gives voice to his wonderment in various circumstances, *No Name* is vintage Baldwin. Here he discusses Malcolm X, who

considered himself to be the spiritual property of the people who produced him. He did not consider himself to be their savior, he was far too modest

for that, and gave that role to another; but he considered himself to be their servant and in order not to betray that trust, he was willing to die, and died. Malcolm was not a racist, not even when he thought he was. His intelligence was more complex than that; furthermore, if he had been a racist, not many in this racist country would have considered him dangerous. He would have sounded familiar and even comforting, his familiar rage confirming the reality of white power and sensuously inflaming a bizarre species of guilty eroticism without which, I am beginning to believe, most white Americans of the more or less liberal persuasion cannot draw a single breath.

That passage, and dozens of others of its quality, bespeaks realities stated (American racism) and implied and transports our thoughts across a well-trod landscape with renewed eagerness to read on.

BUT MUCH of *No Name in the Street* bespeaks something else as well, that final lapse into hate-Americanism so damnably fashionable, and worse, so frighteningly debilitating to the spirit of those who succumb to it. Baldwin's expectable condemnation of "McCarthyism" leads him into the sort of rhetorical overkill that flips out "the crucifixion of Alger Hiss (and the beatification of Whittaker Chambers)," oblivious to the fact that neither statement is true, that neither means anything except to the depraved and/or utterly muddled consciousness of people who have ceased to care or know what that episode was about.

Race. Race. Everywhere, naturally and understandably, race, permeating every page of this book by a man who

has known the love of white men and who understands, and writes here, that "people do not fall in love according to their color . . . and nakedness has no color: this can come as news only to those who have never covered, or been covered by, another naked human being." But between that statement early on, and the book's conclusion warning again darkly, as in "no more rain, the fire next time," of the ultimate holocaust to come, he appears to forget his own true perception about human love. He gives vent to what has heretofore been rare in his books, bald hate. He expresses hatred of the white race, hatred of Western civilization, which he rejects, hatred of America, the soul of which nation, he tells us, is in its South.

To deny or minimize the urgency of the problems of which James Baldwin writes would be unconscionable, not merely thoughtless but stupid. And yet, to make the giant leap from comprehending the problem and striving to solve it, to buying Baldwin's package of simplisms and non-sequiturs, would be, if not unusual these days, still deeply wrong. Must one, if admiring the courage of the youths who defied white hatred and entered those first Southern schools, likewise adulate Huey Newton and his Panthers, Eldridge Cleaver and his rapings, George Jackson and his "cause"? I think not. I hope not.

WHILE KNOWING that he is on target when writing, "consider the American reaction to the Jew who boasts of sending arms to Israel, and the probable fate of the American black who wishes to stage a rally for the purpose of



sending arms to black South Africa," must we cast our lot with that Third World folderol and "be closer to Cuba than we are to Spain, [and] support the Arab nations instead of Israel"? The too-easy slide from the one proposition to the other is not logic or good sense, but faddism and foolishness.

He speaks wisely and well of white fears and hates, and tells us with occasional grace and frequent force of what only one of his race and intelligence can understand. At best, his perspective, if uncomfortable to adjust to, is none the less legitimate, inspiring reflection and often acquiescence. At worst, however, James Baldwin's perspective seems unshakably grounded in loathings transcending analysis and verging on hysteria. This book is, unmistakably, passionately written, bitingly argued; it is also—and Baldwinophiles like me must regretfully admit this—fundamentally bitterly botched, a true cry of despair mingled fatally with a savage shriek of apocalyptic fury. □

Encounters with Stravinsky

By Paul Horgan

Farrar, 300 pp., \$7.95

Stravinsky: Chronicle of a Friendship

By Robert Craft

Knopf, 424 pp., \$12.50

ENCOUNTER WITH GREATNESS

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The lives of the great musicians make wonderful reading. Take this crazy Stravinsky. He was world-famous while still in his twenties, he lived to be ninety, his Work improved from decade to decade, he drank Chivas Regal by the barrel, he ate like a demon, he told nasty jokes, he loved his family and his friends, he must have been one of the all-time great raconteurs, surely there could not be many guys it would be more fun to sit up all night with, and so on and so forth. It's true, all of it.

The quality that stands out, in these two reminiscences of Stravinsky, is his extraordinary moral force. His talent for friendship arose from his perception of human beings as brothers under

RANDOM NOTES

■ **JUST OUT:** Commissioner Russell Oswald is out fast with *Attica: My Story* (Doubleday, \$8.95). From the same house: *The Honorable Mr. Marigold* is a memoir of Everett Dirksen by his widow Louella (\$7.95); Abigail McCarthy's *Private Faces/Public Places* is about her and Gene (\$8.95); Robert Havemann's *Questions, Answers, Questions* is an ex-Red's account of his grilling by his erstwhile comrades (\$7.95); and Trotsky's *The Young Lenin* bows in English in Max Eastman's translation (\$6.95).

Marvin Meyers edits *The Mind of the Founder: Sources of the Political Thought of James Madison* for Bobbs-Merrill (\$10). . . . John Williams surveys the British, French and German homefronts in World War I in *The Other Battleground* (Regnery, \$10). . . . A depth study of *Hitler and the Beer Hall Putsch* from Harold J. Gordon Jr. (Princeton, \$19.50; paperback, \$8.95). . . . Samuel L. Blumenfeld advises on *How To Start Your Own Private School—and Why You Need One* (Arlington, \$9.95).

■ **NEW PUBLISHER.** Inter-Varsity Press, a division of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, offers conservative Protestant hardbounds and paperbacks, mostly by British writers. New paperbacks include a reprint of Dorothy Sayers' *Are Women*

Human? (\$1.25), J. N. D. Anderson's *Morality, Law and Grace* (\$1.95) and John Warwick Montgomery's *History and Christianity* (\$1.25). Catalog from Box F, Downers Grove, Illinois 60515.

■ **FILMS.** Andrew Sinclair is adapting and directing Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood*. Richard, Liz and Peter O'Toole will star. . . . George Cukor is directing Graham Greene's *Travels with My Aunt*, which will feature Maggie Smith, hubby Robert Stephen and Alec McCowen. . . . Sidney Poitier will be directing himself in *A Warm December*. . . . *Sleuth*, the London/Broadway chiller, is being directed by Joe Mankiewicz. Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine co-star. . . . *Man of La Mancha* boasts a costly cast that includes Sophia Loren, Peter O'Toole and James Coco.

Bluebeard again. This one features Richard Burton, Virna Lisi, Raquel Welch, Farley Granger and Joey Heatherton, with Edward Dmytryk directing. . . . Another remake, the umpteenth, is Jack London's *Call of the Wild*. With Charlton Heston, of course. . . . Still another: a British version of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. The all-star cast includes Fiona Fullerton, Peter Sellers, Ralph Richardson, Michael Crawford, Michael Hordern, Spike Milligan and Flora Robson. Director William Sterling is also handling the adaptation. . . . It took a while, but *The Valachi Papers* is now filming, with Charles Bronson in the lead.

God. When he first looked upon The Wall that makes a prison of East Germany, he *shuddered*; yes, he visibly shuddered. He greeted the world with love and he gave love in the form of music. (Craft, Stravinsky's right-handman since 1948, asks, "What is music if it is not love?") While rehearsing the musicians in the church at Santa Fe, Stravinsky "always half-genuflected and crossed himself when he passed a side altar, or the large crucifix at the chancel rail, or the high altar." Horgan, watching this, thinks to himself: "What exquisite spiritual manners. . . ."

Stravinsky said: "One hopes to worship God with a little art if one has any, and if one hasn't, and cannot recognize it in others, then one can at least burn a little incense. . . . I had only my ear to help me. I heard and I wrote what I heard. I was the vessel through which the score passed. . . . I regard my talent as God-given and I pray to Him daily for the strength to use it. When I discovered that I had been made custodian of this gift, in my

earliest childhood, I pledged myself to God to be worthy of it, but I have received uncovenanted mercies all my life. . . . [As to the Latin mass] I have always considered that a special language, and not that of current converse, was required for subjects touching on the sublime."

Thus the splendor of Stravinsky's personality. Paul Horgan has written a gracious and grateful tribute to the old musician, very much in the spirit that Stravinsky would, I think, have called forth in elegy. If there is a flaw in Horgan's work, it is probably in the length of time it takes Horgan to get going. Not until page 81 do we get to the point where Horgan meets Stravinsky for the first time. Never mind. The book is a delight, and can be openly commended to all lovers of Stravinsky, music, musicians, revelry, ribaldry, and and you take 'er from there.

As to Craft: Craft is full of Craft. His reminiscence, far from being a "chronicle of a friendship," is a totally undisciplined gusher of purple writing,

WANTED: readers who will use the card facing this page to introduce a friend to *National Review* now. Who knows what will happen next in the news? Whatever it is *National Review* will be there (we'd like your friend along too.) You choose the friend you think most likely to enjoy NR, then produce this handy card: urge your friend to use it without delay to try NR (dare him if you must!) We'll be glad you did (and so may your friend: remember, you may be starting a lifelong friendship!)

egotistical reflections, sham erudition (it's haecceity, Mr. Craft, not haeccity, eh?, p. 12). As an example of Mr. Craft's impossible prose, let us wade through this: "We speak our own languages, the arbitrary assignation of gender to every noun in his constituting an insurmountable obstacle for me, to say nothing of such pronunciation problems as the proper palatalizing of the cacuminals" (p. 60, if you care). And another gem: "Suvchinsky's hair is wintry. . . . But these aspects are belying, for he is big-boned and 'robuste' [a favorite word, in fact near the top of the list after 'con' and 'salaud'], has a trencherman's appetite, and speaks in a powerful (a Boanerges'), though also a musical (a *viola pomposa*), voice."

So, if you'd like to get acquainted with Stravinsky the man, read Horgan. If you're interested in the psychopathology of unreadable writing, read Craft. Oh—I can't depart without sharing one anecdote with you. Horgan tells it. "The drinks before dinner had been unusually large potions of Scotch; and wines had accompanied the food throughout. Stravinsky drank freely. As the dinner party rose, following the President from the room, a White House aide, himself obviously less used to high places than Stravinsky, asked with a patronizing air, 'Well, Mr. Stravinsky, how does it feel to be in the White House?' Stravinsky replied, 'It feels very drunk.'"

Crazy like a fox. □

Richelieu and His Age

By Carl J. Burckhardt

Harcourt, three volumes: I: *His Rise to Power* (413 pp., \$9.95); II: *Assertion of Power and Cold War* (472 pp., \$12.95); III: *Power Politics and the Cardinal's Death* (488 pp., \$12.95)

RICHELIEU AND THE NATION STATE

JARED C. LOBDELL

We are apt to think of men in the seventeenth century as being rather like us—situated on this side of the presumed great separation we call the Renaissance, being motivated by economic and political desires that we can understand, living in a world of nation states

not unlike our own world. Granted that Einsteinian relativity has replaced Newtonian gravity in the scientific mind, our imaginations are back with Newton and the apple; and, after all, was not Newton a seventeenth-century man? And Galileo and Kepler and Leibniz and Napier with his logarithms and Harvey with his circulation of the blood and Pepys with his circulation through London and William of Orange with his Glorious Revolution—were they not all seventeenth-century men and rather like us, or we like them?

The view, of course, is oversimplified: when we take it we forget the witchcrafts and we forget the machinery of *Paradise Lost* and we forget the enigmatic figure of Charles I. We forget Newton's musings over the geometry of the Great Temple of Jerusalem or the arithmetic of *Revelations*. We forget Kepler's *Somnium* and we overlook the mixture of fantasy and rational experimentation which Rostand captured from his hero and used in Act III of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. But we are nonetheless taking a view that is legitimate in some spheres if not in all, and certainly closer to legitimacy than the view of the Renaissance as the great separation. It is perhaps a permissible hyperbole to say that one man made it so, one seventeenth-century modern man, one Armand du Plessis, Cardinal de Richelieu.

It was he who placed the success of his nation above the political success of his church, who held the nobles of France in check (for his lifetime only, and not always completely then), who destroyed the power of the Habsburgs, unified France, and created—as much as was possible in less than two decades of power—the apparatus of the modern state. It was not, to be sure, an un-mixed blessing that he did so. But that he did so is an historical fact of the first importance, and how he did so is an engrossing story as well as an important one.

Curiously, as we read it, we become aware how very different Richelieu's circumstances were from ours. His ill health could not, in that age, be treated. He rose to power through intrigues of Byzantine complexity that centered around the avaricious and unintelligent Marie de' Medici, widow of Henry IV. His chief confidant and adviser was the Capuchin Father Joseph. In many ways he was in the medieval tradition which in England runs at least from Henry of Blois to Wolsey and which in France ends with him: the churchman who



supported the throne against all, even (if need be) against the church. And, after all, it is from the medieval churchmen that many of the devices of the modern state have come. And yet, medieval though he may be, important though three hundred years undoubtedly are, the traditional view gradually regains hold on us and we see the father of modern Europe at work.

HE BEGINS as a younger son, chronically ill, intended for the army (should he survive), suddenly being raised to the family bishopric (a very poor one), which his older brother has dramatically refused at the very moment of consecration—not his oldest brother, who is a courtier, but his next oldest, who dies raving mad. By speech and intrigue and judiciously timed withdrawals to his diocese, he becomes over a twenty-year period the one indispensable man to the fat and bewildered Queen Mother: and then, when the moment has come, he transfers his allegiance to the king, serving him nearly as loyally as he serves France, and overshadowing him in the process. If we are even ordinarily ill-read, we know the later portion of the story, or at least a caricature of it, from Dumas: I made my own first contact with it in the pages of a boy's book by G. A. Henty. The astonishing thing in this revisionist age is that the story as Burckhardt tells it is the story I remember, in its general outlines and even in some of its details. It is as though there could be no other way to tell it, no possibility that Richelieu could be recognized as other than the founder of modern France, and thereby of modern Europe.

Why, then, if the story is well-known, need Burckhardt's magisterial work be read? Aside from the point made earlier—that we can see how his subject is

both medieval and modern, has affinities both with us and with a world alien to ours—there is another and more compelling reason derived from that very transition from medieval to modern, that very foundation of France and Europe as we know them. Because this is, in one man's person, the story of the creation of an age, it is also the story of the triumph of a phenomenon shortlived by the measure of man's over-all political history, over tendencies that in one form or another are immemorial—tendencies to fragmentation through the desires of a privileged class; tendencies to fragmentation through the desire for individual freedom (to use an anachronistic phrase), epitomized by the sailor-mayor of La Rochelle, Richelieu's great opponent, Jean Guiton; tendencies toward government-by-ideology or at least by ideologues. The *via media* (of which the nation state is a spectacular example) is never easy, indeed, is rarely successful. But Richelieu made it so, and these volumes are an introduction to his success.

THE READER should be cautioned that they are an abridgement of the German edition, almost unannotated, and containing a number of minor errors which may have crept in during the translation. He should be told also that the focus shifts after the first volume from the life of Richelieu to Richelieu in his times (and that, moreover, the first volume was translated by Edwin and Willa Muir and originally appeared in 1940, while the second and third are translated by Bernard Hoy, were published in the late 1960s, and are making their first appearance in English). But none of these warnings need be thought particularly important.

What is particularly important is that Burckhardt's *Richelieu and His Age* be read by all those who want or need to know the background of our modern world, or who want or need to be shown how one man guided no inconsiderable congeries of minor princdoms, walled cities, fanatic churchmen, *fainéant* nobles, a France separated against itself (and riding madly off in all directions) into nationhood. Go not to Versailles, but to Paris or perhaps Colombey-les-deux-Eglises, and *si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.

Whether or not Richelieu is a man of our age, we and our age are very clearly creatures of his. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

UNCOMMON SENSE, by James MacGregor Burns (Harper, 196 pp., \$6.95). Williams College political science professor Burns is a Democrat. He writes many books. Many of his books are about Democrats. He has written another book about Democrats. See reviewer quote Dr. Burns at random: "The nation is essentially evil and the evil can be exorcised only by turning the system upside down." "The need is for social analysis." "Revolution is a serious business." "The lack of money is only one of the foundations of the edifice of poverty." "We face the 1970s—and the bicentennial of 1976—with a failing political system and with an overload of explosive potentials for disruption and deadlock." "[A party fit to govern] must be radically libertarian and egalitarian in both the literal and symbolic sense of that adverb." "Some of the Republicans' best talent, from Wayne Morse to John Lindsay, have deserted them." "There simply is no room in the Democratic Party for conservatives." "The most vital function of intellectuals will be as pricklers of the balloons of consensus." Hear Dr. Burns howl that reviewer quotes out of context. See reader dash to bookstore. Observe reader read Dr. Burns, *in context*. Watch reader decide reviewer quite fair to Dr. Burns.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

THE VILLAGE, by F. J. West Jr. (Harper, 288 pp., \$7.95). This is not, thank God, yet another rehashing of why we are in Vietnam. It is the exciting and well-told story of the successful fight for one Vietnamese village, Binh Nghia, by a combined unit of a dozen U.S. Marines and two dozen South Vietnamese militia (Popular Forces). When the Marines came in 1966, Binh Nghia had been held by the Vietcong for two years. At that time, most of the PFs were poor fighters, and the villagers had little confidence in their or the Marines' ability to protect them. The turning point came when the combined unit's fort, manned that night by six Americans and twelve PFs, was attacked by 110 Vietcong and North Vietnamese. The Americans and three PFs were killed or seriously wounded almost instantly; the surviving PFs drove off the attackers. To the villagers, that proved the combined unit was not going to give up and leave them to the mercy of the VC. Starting then, village life became more and more integrated with fort life. Men from the fort were able to stroll through the village alone; they could take meals with villagers without bringing the danger of reprisals from the Vietcong; the village children started hanging around the fort, especially after one of the Marines "adopted" a Vietnamese orphan. Then,

seventeen months after the combined unit had come to Binh Nghia, the Marine command decided that the village could survive without Americans, and the PFs, under Nguyen Suong's leadership, were left on their own.

L. BRIDGES

THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE, by Isabelle Holland (Lippincott, 158 pp., \$4.95). Charles Norstadt is another of the lonely adolescents of our fiction, joining Holden Caulfield, F. Jasmine Adams and their coevals. Taken together, these teen-aged protagonists show us that growing up is a matter of metamorphosis rather than of evolution, that adolescence is a distinct state of being and as different from adulthood as caterpillar from butterfly. Charles, in fact, even thinks of himself as in a golden cocoon at one point. A product of the contemporary affluent middle class, this fourteen-year old has endured five school psychologists, three stepfathers, sibling rivalry, pot and permissive education. When Justin McLeod, whose scarred face makes him the faceless man of the title, reluctantly agrees to tutor Charles, the boy encounters for the first time the discipline that engenders self-discipline. Justin's lesson to Charles is that we cannot be free of the consequences of what we do, and he begins to merge for Charles with another faceless man, the father he cannot remember. Miss Holland's material approaches sentimentality at times, but Charles' voice narrating his growing self-knowledge and metamorphosis saves these themes from bathos.

J. M. JANSSEN

THE NEW LEFT TODAY: *America's Trojan Horse*, by Phillip Abbott Luce (Capitol Hill Press, 164 pp., \$6.95). This book does not demonstrate that the New Left is or ever was a Trojan Horse. The Horse made history; the New Left made malicious mischief. Professional "kids" like Rubin and Hoffman are getting a trifle long in the tooth, and some, like Rudd and Savio, have vanished. Does anyone still read C. Wright Mills? Has the New Left left us? "The New Left," says Luce, "is polymorphic." Luce's somber tone cannot conceal the fact that the New Left was even more comic than polymorphic. Indeed, if there was just a touch of Evelyn Waugh in Luce, he could have written a light classic about SDS denouncing the Vietcong as "revisionist sellouts," or the Black Panthers accusing the Weathermen of "Custerism." Luce tells us rather more than we want to know about the imperceptible "rise" and "fall" of the Progressive Labor Party. But his book is an instructive guide to the banality of the politics on which yesterday's radicals were weaned. It is a kind of *Last Picture Show* for those (they are now junior faculty) who are nostalgic for the ideological faces of their recent youth.

G. F. WILL

Arts & Manners

FILM

NORBERT MUHLEN

A Pity Indeed

The Sorrow and the Pity, a film on France before and during the Nazi occupation, runs four hours and twenty minutes—a record length which beats the equally exhausting, though more entertaining, *Gone with the Wind*. But then, GWTW was historical fiction while *The Sorrow* claims to be an historical documentary. It has won all the honors a documentary can hope for—an award from the National Society of Film Critics, a nomination for the Academy Award and so on. As movie critics cannot be considered authorities on modern or any other history, it was, presumably, its cinematographic form rather than its content they found outstanding. Yet what is “documented” remains as relevant as its technique; if the documentation distorts realities, it deserves praise merely as fiction—or, possibly, as propaganda.

With an impressive collage of old newsreels and recent interviews with survivors, witnesses and participants of the Second World War, Marcel Ophuls, a young French director, attempts to retrace the case history of Clermont-Ferrand as one French town in the years 1939-1945. Forgotten films of Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval and, of course, Hitler are skilfully interwoven with thoughtful reflections of Anthony Eden, Georges Bidault, Pierre Mendès-France—perhaps, too skilfully: The viewers of 1972—the overwhelming majority of whom were not there when it happened and have never bothered to read the history of the period—are bound to believe the story this film tells. And when they leave the theater, they feel not only tired and thirsty but

also highly knowledgeable about one chapter of history with serious lessons for the present.

From the very beginning the viewer is told again and again that it was “the bourgeoisie,” the “conservatives,” “the Right” of France who brought about her fall and her surrender to the Nazis. The obvious lesson: beware of any kind of “right-wingers”—they prepare a nation’s road to fascism. That there were indeed right-wingers who for a while considered a Nazi “New Order” preferable to the socialist left-wing Popular Front ruling France before the war cannot be denied.

BUT WHAT is not even mentioned once in this “documentary,” and what undoubtedly contributed at least as much, if not more, to the French failure of 1940, is that the Communist Party of France worked officially, actively and efficiently for the French defeat. From August 1940 when Hitler and Stalin concluded their pact to the very day of Hitler’s invasion of the Soviet Union, the Communist *mot d’ordre* was to “fight against the imperialist war,” and to sabotage it in every way.

The numerous party members followed orders with all the enthusiasm we see in the peaceniks of the present day. Communist workingmen damaged war production, while Communist soldiers and non-commissioned officers refused to fight. The fall of France itself was received with jubilation by the Communist Party leaders and their press (see documents in A. Rossi, *Les Communistes français pendant la drôle de guerre*, Paris, 1951).

Disregarding this page of history,

Ophuls goes overboard celebrating the Communists as the brave defenders of France—which they became only after Hitler attacked the Soviet Union. In *The Sorrow and the Pity*, the viewer is left with the impression that resistance was carried out mostly, if not solely, by “the Communist-inclined workingmen,” or at least by *les hommes de gauche*. Jacques Duclos, the Secretary of the Communist Party who with his fellow leader Maurice Thorez had publicly rejoiced over the defeat of France and the coming defeat of England as the fall of two “imperialist powers,” holds forth in this film about Communist courage in the defense of France. We are also told that all Germans were Nazis because “all German anti-Nazis, the German Communists, that is,” were in concentration camps. With such misstatements imbedded in so many more innocuous pictures and words, the message trickles down almost casually: It is only the Left that can be counted on in the resistance to fascism.

Fortunately, *The Sorrow* does not repeat the patriotic French schoolbook fairytale which holds that the people of France, to the man, resisted their occupiers. But if the Silent Majority in France remained silent, and selfish, cowardly, passive into the bargain, this was, according to the film, only because people were misled and corrupted by “anti-Communism.” In one statement after another, the collaborators, Pétain-

ists, non-resisters explain to the film’s interviewers that “anti-Communism” was the cause of the sins of the past. Why were you an anti-Communist?, a retired colonel is asked by an interviewer. He answers: Because I am a Catholic. (In the two New York theaters where I saw the movie, the audience giggled at this.) In the view of this documentary, Catholics, reactionaries, fascists equal anti-Communists who in turn equal pro-Nazis.

How are Americans in 1972 to know that Jacques Doriot, shown in a rabble-rousing speech to his pro-Nazi National Party followers, had been a leading Communist known as the Red Mayor of Saint Denis? How can Americans (and Europeans) today see



through the lengthy account of a Frenchman characterized as an "aristocratic former Nazi": he had joined the Charlemagne Division, that corps of French volunteers fighting with the Waffen SS in Russia, he reminisces, because his family had educated him to hate socialism. Obviously, the makers of this film could not find—or did not look for—any of the patriotic, nationalist Frenchmen who remained anti-Communist and anti-Nazi.

Only once can one hear a statement that refers explicitly to our present. A former Resistance fighter solemnly declares, while his old comrades nod agreement, that we must not forget what happened because "a new Nazism is on the rise, under a new name." As he explains that it is not Communism he warns against, only the stupidest theatergoer can fail to understand that he means that new "fascist threat," *Amerika*.

Whether this "documentary" merely follows fashionable stereotypes of the more or less radical Left, or whether it subliminally, yet purposely attempts to strengthen them in the mind of the public—it remains an historical fabrication. □

DELECTATIONS

ALEC WAUGH

A Luxury Cruise

In January my wife and I took a luxury cruise with the Italian Costa line along the Guinea coast. Our ship, the *Eugenio C*, started from Genoa, took on passengers at Cannes, Barcelona and Casablanca, where we joined her, then made south—for Cotonou (Dahomey). On the return she stopped at Accra (Ghana), Abijan (Ivory Coast), Freetown (Sierra Leone) and Dakar (Senegal). We were dropped off, after fifteen days, at Barcelona.

The accounts that I'd had from friends who had made luxury cruises were discouraging: The passengers, I had been assured, were elderly, addicted to bridge and alcohol, with a considerable preponderance of sexagenarian widows. I was expecting a relaxing rather than a refreshing holiday.

There was, as I had known there would be, much to assuage the sybarite.

The ship was new; the decks, wide; there were three swimming pools. There was a succession of dance-floored sitting rooms. There was a cinema, a chapel, four bars and two verandah cafes. Seventy-five cooks catered to the needs of fewer than four hundred passengers; the menus were excellent and varied. A team of cruise directors arranged different programs of entertainment for each evening. All that I had expected. What I had not expected was the general air of liveliness aboard. Not only was the atmosphere not elderly; it wasn't even middle-aged. There were a number of young people.

Eight of my fifteen days aboard were spent at sea. The publicity assured us that a rich tourist experience awaited us in the "many-sided exotic continent." We were promised "young independent nations in full development, lined up like diamonds, with a thousand facets, each reflecting a different colorful side, a new enterprising pioneering Africa, a mosaic of peoples and languages . . . palm groves, long sandy beaches, clay huts, swarming markets, native dances, jungles, well-built black men and women clad in picturesque cloaks . . . countries of contrasts with deeply rooted tribal traditions and great modern cities with their tall buildings, lively trading centers and busy harbors." Tours were arranged at every port of call, \$10 a head for half-day excursions, \$25 for a full day or an evening trip that included a dinner.

I cannot say that I learned much about West Africa. There was a great deal of riding about flat undistinguished countrysides in not very comfortable buses. Polyglot guides gave us lengthy accounts of the historical background of the various countries, but their English, when they finally got to it, was difficult to follow. We spent far too much time in markets and one market is very like another. There were difficulties with currency; one either had too little or too much. (I still have a number of Ghana notes I can foresee no use for.)

The bargaining was, as always, fun. On my last evening at Dakar, I was about to go on board with a very small quantity of local change. A number of exhibits laid out beside the gang plank included a belt that I rather fancied. The salesman wanted \$4 for it. "I'm sorry," I said, "but look, this is all I have." I put my hand in my pocket and showed him what I had; less than 65

cents. He looked at it, ruminatively. "Okay," he said, "that's fine," and handed me the belt. That was, of course, a last-second sale, but I wondered how well I could have done with the vendors who had had time on their hands.

As happens always in new countries, we spent far too much time being invited to admire buildings commemorating the end of colonial tyranny. In Ghana it was easy to see how these unnecessary tributes to the future had brought a prosperous colony to the brink of bank-

ruptcy. Senegal has the most to offer with its proliferation of small villages, the huts identical, small, round, thatched with pointed roofs; their inhabitants clean and cheerful, the women with handsome madras head-dresses and voluminous skirts. I have not seen anywhere an equivalent for the fishing beach near Dakar which was crowded for, it seemed, a mile with on-lookers and boats. They were row boats (the fishing was done by line) that were pulled up to the beach on rollers, close to one another, with plentiful cargoes aboard.

BUT THAT WAS the extent of my introduction to "the real Africa." I did not during the trip meet a single African. No one did. Indeed the trips were chiefly valuable as a cement to the general enjoyment of the cruise. They brought the passengers together, providing a basis of shared experience, and the fact that those experiences were not invariably enjoyable contributed to the companionship of the ship's company as a whole. We exchanged notes in the same way that troops coming out of the line swapped stories about the battle



they have survived. After our trip into Togoland, for instance we exchanged questions: "How long were you held up at the frontier?" "Would they change your traveler's checks?"

The African night banquet at Dakar had been calamitous. A roasted sheep was carried around for our inspection, but no one seemed able to cut it up. The meat was raw. At the time everybody seemed disgruntled. But we had a fine time, back on the ship later in the evening, over an ample midnight snack. "Did you get anything that you could eat?"

"Not when they brought the dish around, but I managed to pull off something from the carcass with my fingers." By one o'clock spirits were high. Everything was subservient to the life aboard.

Yes, I had a fine time. But if anyone ever asks me about the Guinea coast, "No," I shall tell him, "I have never been there." □

TRIBULATIONS

JOAN C. WATKINS

Tourists in the Tuna War

Ecuador is a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to order a tuna salad sandwich there.

In the undeclared Great Tuna War, Ecuador claims a two-hundred-mile territorial limit for fishing rights. The United States recognizes a twelve-mile limit, and fishes in the other 188 miles. When they're caught, American fishermen are forced to dock in Guayaquil and to pay a stiff fine. (Uncle Sam picks up the tab.) On a wall in Guayaquil somebody has painted the words, "Nixon, the Tuna Thief."

Norbert Muhlen, U.S. correspondent for a number of German and Swiss newspapers, has just published a book (in German) that dissects—and denounces—the sources, themes and goals of anti-Americanism. . . . **Alec Waugh**, author of half a dozen travel books, rarely spends more than six consecutive weeks in any one place. He has four bases of operation: London, New York, Villefranche and Tangier. . . . **Joan C. Watkins** is a freelance writer.

On a recent trip to Ecuador, my husband and I encountered a bit of flak from the Great Tuna War. Posing a threat about equal to the danger of slipping on one of Ecuador's many carelessly tossed banana peels, it added unexpected zest to our travels.

THE BIZARRE Santo Domingo de Los Colorados Indians are one of Ecuador's key attractions. We wanted to drive down into the western jungle to see them, but a Quito newspaper warned that the road had been ruined by an American construction company, and a three-hour drive now required ten.

A stretch of Pan American Highway we had taken the day before was barely passable, more political braggadocio than pavement. This sounded even worse, so we canceled our plans. An American businessman overheard us commiserating.

"There's nothing wrong with that road but a few landslides and potholes," he said. "I drove up from Santo Domingo last night in three hours."

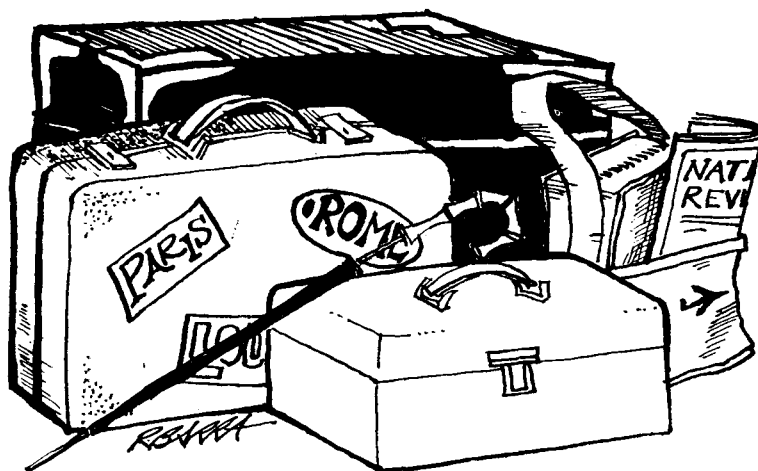
Thanking him, we grabbed our insect repellent and took off. Halfway down the gorge we came to a landslide. To our practiced California eyes it looked just like the Acts of God we've seen two blocks from our house. The newspaper article had demanded that the Americans pay for a new highway, yet

scientist explained how an American-Ecuadorian team monitored a telescope-in-the-sky satellite. What about the bullet-riddled sign? He shrugged. People sometimes threw stones at him on his way home from work.

As the only tourists in the bustling Ambato market, we were a curiosity ourselves. As we stood munching hot, doughnut-like *churros*, somebody threw a rock at us. Through a stroke of poetic justice it missed my husband. Violently allergic to fish, he is a declared neutral in the Great Tuna War. But how did the miscreant who hit me know that I once went sport fishing and caught fifty pounds of yellowfin tuna?

Back in Quito we visited an amateur art show that featured political cartoons. The American-built oil pipeline that will bring Amazonian oil from the jungle to the sea was lambasted. In another cartoon, Americans merrily fished from a boat named "Tio Sam." All the Americans were caricatured as clean-cut, neatly dressed figures.

OUR WEEKLONG trip to Ecuador had been filled with fascinating markets and scenery of tremendous beauty, so despite a few anti-American irritations, I was beginning to mellow. Then I went into Quito's fashionable Supermercado La Favorita. As I bumped shopping carts with the diplomatic crowd, I no-



Alliance for Progress road scrapers were clearing the dirt. Three and a half thousand miles from home—our highway taxes at work!

A visit to the Ambato market required another excursion out of Quito. Fortunately, the road south was excellent. Spying a shot-up sign with a familiar logo, we swung off the main road to visit a NASA tracking station. A

ticed countless American products on the shelves.

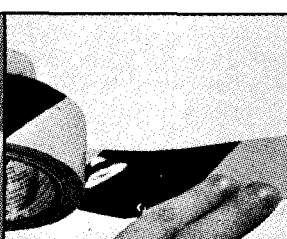
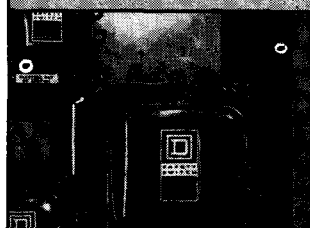
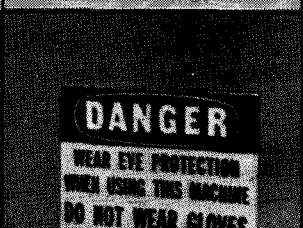
"Strange," I said to myself, "I thought there was a war on." Stranger still, I discovered two types of Eatwell Squid and three varieties of Van Camp's Tuna . . . all canned in Los Angeles!

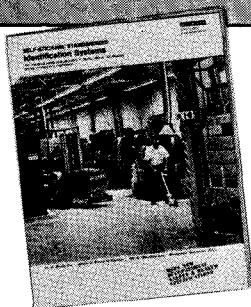
Adios, Ecuador. I'll return someday. But next time, please . . . easy on the mayonnaise. □

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TELLER

(Continued from page 745)

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which is on the other side of the date-line)? If Senate reservations can protect this unity, they would be most beneficial.

The last and by far the most important question concerning the treaty concerns its psychological impact. If the signing of the treaty leads to euphoria and relaxation, the consequences will quite probably be disastrous. After all, we must continue to keep in mind that we have agreed on a permanent Russian advantage in missiles, and on an even greater Russian advantage in the weight that these missiles can deliver. As soon as the Russians learn how to utilize MIRV technology our retaliatory power will be most seriously endangered.

This is precisely the point at which the treaty could have a beneficial effect. We have agreed to Russian superiority. This could lead to a lessening of the intense effort the Russians have been making. It could also lead to understanding by the American public what the real situation of the arms balance happens to be. It has become an imbalance where we are the weaker side. This statement will not be immediately believed. It is bad news, and the human mind does not accept bad news quickly.

I hope that in the long run one of two developments will occur. Either—and I hardly dare to hope so—there will be a much more convincing sign of a true change for the better in Russia. Or, alternatively, the American people will understand the ominous import of the treaty which will still be with us. When these words are properly understood, we shall have a thorough and lasting incentive to work for our survival and for the survival of freedom everywhere.

I believe that freedom is indivisible. I also believe that the ingenuity and the dedication of free people can work miracles. There was an historical precedent for such miracles when we survived the horrible attack of Hitler, on freedom in Europe and on freedom everywhere throughout our globe. It may be that we are approaching a crisis that is no less dangerous.

If the treaty is carefully discussed and properly understood, and if it is followed by reasonable action, it may indeed turn out to have been a step toward clarity and ultimately toward safety and peace. □

among such organizations is a test of strength, not equity.

Fifth, a mandatory free-for-all is not liberty. It is pernicious to argue that free government is functioning well just because all citizens have an equal right to enter the scramble for welfare-state favoritism.

Sixth, if we consider government-bestowed privilege a legitimate object of citizen lust, then we are accepting the Harry Hopkins-FDR degradation of the democratic spirit.

The welfare state is proof of the conservative belief that men, taken in the mass, are irreducibly self-interested competitors. Normal common sense is no match for appetites inflamed by the prospect of winning favoritism from the government.

Thus the only hope for free government is for the government to refuse to encourage the free-for-all scramble after favoritism.

It is the duty of free government to avoid inflaming those appetites. Government should order and discipline competition; it should enforce rules of decent market behavior; and it should maintain a broad neutrality as to the competitive allocating of resources among the producing and consuming activities of the citizens. But liberals tell us not to worry about a despotic use of the welfare state's power. Liberals say:

Never mind that he who pays the piper calls the tune; never mind that state support invariably means state control. Never mind, because the state is democratic, which means it is controlled by "the people." And the people—thanks to the comprehensive tutelage of the welfare state—are rational and harmonious. Being harmonious, their only conception of good will is the common good. And being rational, there are no significant or nasty disagreements as to what that common good is.

This soothing argument cannot withstand the force of the three principal objections I have adumbrated above. I will repeat them here.

First, some supporters of the welfare state—those who believe in tutelary liberalism, want a strong state to exploit the malleability of man. This is just the sort of paternalistic belief which will make a strong state act despotically.

Second, those who believe in flower-

ing liberalism want a strong state to release men from competition, scarcity and the need to husband energies and curb appetites. But if men are spared the rigors of self-reliance, they will never develop the character which enables a mature man to use freedom productively in the pursuit of various excellences.

Third, the nature of politics in a large and pluralistic society virtually guarantees that the welfare state will misuse its vast and meddlesome powers.

The structure of the democratic welfare state determines its motives. These motives cause it to distort the market's rational husbanding of resources; to corrupt the practice of popular government; and to hurt most those with the least discretionary income—that is the poor. The welfare state's habits undermine the citizens' inclination to mind their own business and to respect other people's private desires.

Confronted with the welfare state's dismal record and confused rationale, liberals resort to the claim that the impulse behind the welfare state is benevolent, and "therefore" the welfare state is better than its record or rationales. But that claim is like Mark Twain's remark that Wagner's music is better than it sounds. At best the welfare state is a bland leviathan, a cumbersome, flabby, incompetent, expensive impediment to the people's energies.

Most of the time the welfare state is acting as the defender of the strong against the disorganized who are being made to pay for the support of the strong. This is why George McGovern's welfare programs and proposals, seemingly directed to help the poor, are boob-bait.

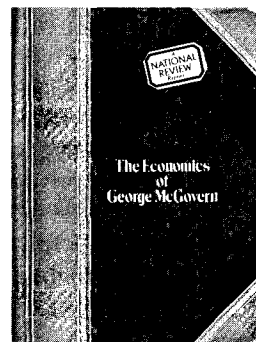
The conservative program is clear. We must explain the principles and efficacy of freedom to the people. And we must oppose government activities which inflame those ever-present human appetites which cause men to abandon principles. The only answer is to elect men who will insist that the government mind its own business; and who know that the government's proper business is preserving for the citizens the freedom to mind their own business. ☐

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H[arvey] Cushing:
Consecretio Medici.

The qualities that really count in this world are quite beyond pigeonholing, quite beyond measurement by scales, tapes, or mental tests, quite beyond rating by any known system of examination, all of which fail in giving us an estimate of that most precious of all qualities, personality.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 721)

view?) are wrong, they are not wrong because they are derived from skimming the book. They are wrong because after reading Céline I think as I have stated clearly in my review and not otherwise. I do not suffer from Francophobia, never having feared anything French in my life, with the possible exception of the notorious stinginess of that people. I have traveled in France many times and have an ardent love of French painting, literature, cooking, cities, clothes and culture in general. I'd always thought I was a rather sentimental Francophile. Nor am I a know-nothing isolationist. I even know that Céline's prose style is as abominable in French as in English translation.

Nor have I in my review cast a single aspersion on Molière, Diderot, or Genet. I said that they are frank in a particularly Gallic way. They are. And I'd always thought that to praise a man for his candor was praise of a high order. It is amazing to learn that my admiration of Montaigne and Voltaire is an insult to the French.

My remark that Céline's refusal to write a readable prose is very French is derived from Céline himself. Céline hated his times and his fellow countrymen; that's what he's writing about. He was a man sick to the teeth of the moral degeneracy of the twentieth century, and his disgust is reflected in his annoying prose.

I deny categorically that I have in this review been careless (wherein is the carelessness?), petty (how so?), or ignorant. And I stick by my guns that modern French drama is weak and an awful falling away from its own superb standards. I except Beckett and Ionesco, as they are Irish and Rumanian respectively. If it will make Monsieur C. any happier, I think even less of modern American and English drama. These opinions are based on the sad experience of knowing what I'm talking about.

I cannot find anywhere in my review a reflection of what JPC thinks is my antagonism toward Céline. I think he is a powerful, rich, highly imaginative writer.

And incidentally, he who repeats vulgarities is *not* himself vulgar.

"How strange are the customs of France!" is a quotation from *The Bab Ballads*, a satiric attack earlier than mine on the bedroom in French literature.

My conservatism, such as it is, is not orthodox in any sense, and I have plenty of time and inclination to comment on French literature, which I do without any ideology whatsoever, three times a week to helpless sophomores.

And by the way, to notice that adultery as an overworked theme has spoiled French literature is not an extrapolation. The word *extrapolation* does not mean that.

Nor can I figure out how I dislike Giraudoux when I say that he is charming and fascinating.

But the trouble seems to be that JPC doesn't read English very well. When he objects to my saying that "naturalism is a mode of fiction," he does not see that I am contrasting naturalism and Céline's biographical frankness. My point was that naturalism, for all its claim to be utterly objective, remains a way of telling a story and therefore adheres to all the rules of fiction. This is a paradox. Nobody has said, or can say, anything about naturalist drama in this context: not, anyway, if he is paying attention to the discourse.

So it looks terribly as if Monsieur C., irked and offended, has irked and offended himself.

Lexington, Ky.

GUY DAVENPORT

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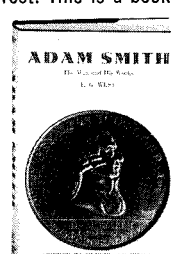
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AFTRA Backs Down

On The Right

New York, June 12—Two nights ago I sat in the television make-up room scanning my notes. A few minutes later I would be discussing, as I had been asked to do, my reservations about the SALT Treaty. A pleasant middle-aged man approached me, begged my pardon for the interruption, and asked me to sign the form on his clipboard. He very kindly consented to let me read it first, which, for an agent of the American Federation of Radio and Television Artists (AFTRA), is a quite extraordinary concession. AFTRA is not accustomed to permitting its members any liberty whatsoever, insofar as AFTRA's interests are concerned: you have to join the union, you have to pay your dues, you have to sign a form agreeing to do what the union tells you to do, you have to strike when they tell you to strike, you have to refuse to cross any picket line they tell you to refuse to cross.

SO I READ the form, wondering what would be AFTRA's latest amendment to the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States which says that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech. Congress can't keep you from speaking, AFTRA's position boils down to, but it can authorize AFTRA to do so, and the question that is now working its way slowly up the court system is precisely: Is the Act of Congress which purports to authorize AFTRA to compel membership or the payment of dues as a condition of going on the air a violation of the First Amendment? So I read on. The form authorized Dick Cavett to send \$75 of my fee (of \$200-odd) directly to AFTRA. How come, I asked AFTRA's muscleman, how come you are docking me right here on the program? He replied that my office had neglected to send in the check for my dues for the month of May. In other words, I was apparently five weeks behind. If I hadn't signed that form, AFTRA was in a position to go right then and there to ABC, which is Cavett's sponsor, and demand that I not be permitted to go on the air to give my views on a treaty

which the President of the United States has hailed as perhaps the most important in the history of organized efforts to make peace.

By total coincidence, I had on my clipboard at the time, apart from my notes on SALT, a memorandum of quite startling significance put together by my attorney, who with the help of the National Right To Work Committee has been pressing in behalf of me and a few other analysts and news commentators for our rights as guaranteed by said First Amendment. Therein I found twenty (20) instances, dating back to 1964, and as recently as this very year, in which officials of AFTRA had stated that I (and others like me) am obliged to *join* AFTRA, to be a "member" of AFTRA. Being a member of AFTRA requires not only that you pay dues but that you obey AFTRA's instructions, on strikes, crossing picket lines, the whole bit.

Now, without a sound, coming in on little cat-feet, arrives the legal brief of AFTRA, contesting my position. And what do you know, my lawyer informs me: there is not a *single* mention made in it of any insistence by AFTRA that I should belong to the union. They talk now only of paying dues to the union.

This, in my judgment, they have no right under the Constitution to do. But the victory is startling. Suddenly AFTRA has given up the requirement that one become a member of that union. It will settle for dues. By extension, no newspaperman would need to join the union. Which means he could not be punished for crossing picket lines. Which means that you may just see the day ahead when crippling citywide newspaper strikes called by unions can be successfully resisted by newspaper employees without fear of losing their jobs.

AFTRA has come a long way under legal pressure; and needless to say it didn't issue any press release, or send out any communication to its membership telling it that henceforward it need only pay dues, not, as it has unflinchingly insisted up until now, join, and be servile to its orders.

The final victory remains to be won.

But an important one has already been won. Let the word go out: news analysts and commentators of America—you need no longer join AFTRA in order to appear on radio and TV. □

CONVENTION PREVIEW

New York, June
18—They talk
about stopping

George McGovern, and who knows they may succeed in getting William Scranton to present himself at Miami to spearhead the effort. But, let's face it, it isn't going to work. But between you and me, I hope that the effort itself to stop McGovern fails, and here are my labyrinthine reasons why.

Well over one-half of the people going down to Miami are quite conventional Democrats, decent, law-abiding, paunchy New Dealers. But about one-third of them are political Hell's Angels bound and determined to rip off tradition, the Constitution, the whole thing. These are young people who have burned with enthusiasm for George McGovern for months, some of them for over a year. They have undergone the most extraordinary privations in order to bring out the vote for McGovern. Some of them have even forgone fornicating in public places, such being the fever of their dedication, making their predecessors who resolved merely to be Clean for Gene summer pilgrims by comparison.

NOW THIS army of zealots doesn't want to arrive in Miami and find absolutely nothing to do, no walls to push against, nothing to sate their ideological passions. They need a good fight, a good victory. They need to crush, let us say, a last-minute attempt by Hubert Humphrey to take the nomination away from George McGovern. Or they may need a dark horse to vanquish: a desperate move, say, to give the nomination to an Establishmentarian dreamboat: an Earl Warren Jr. type.

Failing that, what will they do in Miami?

What they will do is fight the old order via the Credentials Committee, of

course. But primarily they will fight over the platform.

And that is what we Republicans want to see. Hour after hour of it on national TV.

How about a raging floor fight on the question of permissive abortion v. compulsory abortion? I suppose I'd want, under the circumstances, permissive abortion to win out, but I'd want the victory to be narrow. A real squeaker.

Or how about a demand by the leader of the Massachusetts delegation, who for all we know is only a year or two older than Shirley Temple when she discovered the Good Ship Lollipop, delivering a rousing call for Free Marijuana? Why should marijuana go only to the privileged few? Those who make use of tax loopholes? Those landowners who have the wherewithal to grow grass? Those super-educated who alone can afford to buy catalogs telling them how to grow it? Who says marijuana should be smoked only by people who can read instructions?

AS REGARDS foreign policy, why not get somebody to stand up and say that the time has really come to close down on tax loopholes. I can hear it now: Stop the tax exemption for the United Jewish Appeal!

Secretary Laird has testified that to adopt the defense budget proposed by George McGovern would be quite mad. Instead of spending the proposed \$50 billion per year on defense, said Mr. Laird, we might just as well spend \$1 billion to buy white flags which we could hoist all over the world. Surely, in endorsing this proposal, a McGovern delegate could insist that a billion dollars for white flags is a typical military-industrial extravagance? White flags shouldn't cost that much money. Are the Republicans suggesting that they all be loomed on Senator Eastland's plantation?

That, as I say, is the likely scenario if the delegates don't find themselves caught up in mundane movements involving the naming of a candidate. That is why, if I were George McGovern, I'd be spending my time urging Hubert Humphrey to stay in the race and to try to make a tough fight out of it. Already we have seen that Humphrey's resolution has gone to the point of publicly considering the possibility of George Wallace as a running-mate. A complementary gesture, by George McGovern, would be the public consideration of Shirley Chisholm. His failure to do so suggests to me that at this moment what he desires least is to overwhelm Hubert Humphrey, and now we all know the reasons why. □

KATHLEEN KENNEDY AT BAT

New York, June 20 —Kathleen Kennedy, the oldest daughter of Robert, is a junior at Rad-

cliffe College, and has lately been neglecting her studies in order to work for the election of Senator George McGovern as President. Why is she so anxious to elect him? Because she has seen in McGovern a "capacity to change, and to recognize what people are talking about that he hadn't had a chance to talk to." All this to be sure, but primarily she does not like Richard Nixon, concerning whom she uses unladylike language. "I'd hear President Nixon's lies on TV and I'd want to say stop."

So, the McGovern Team put her on the road, and this may turn out to have been one of the few organizational mistakes made by the McGovern Team. To be sure, they sent along a chaperone, former Congressman Allard Lowenstein, who is running for Congressman Rooney's seat and who is Chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action. It's a little dangerous to let Lowenstein move out of Washington, because there's always the chance that the delegates of the ADA will reconvene and pass another one of their famous resolutions. Last year they voted to impeach Richard Nixon, putting themselves on a level with the John Birch Society: two organizations which believe in government by impeachment. On the other hand, it may very well be that Kathleen Kennedy needed the services of Al Lowenstein even more than the ADA did.

We are at Brooklyn Tech High School talking to two hundred students. Things are off to an unsatisfactory start. One of the students asks about McGovern's plans—or does he have any?—on the matter of "the sharing of tax revenue with cities like New York and Los Angeles." Kathleen is quoted as answering, "Yes, yeah, well—he has, you know, he has uh . . . I don't know what it is." The crowd liked that, so do I, though I doubt that Al did.

Then one of the students asks Kathleen is it true that McGovern supported Henry Wallace in 1948. To which question Kathleen gave the startling answer: Yes, it's true. It's also true that Henry Wallace "was a Communist and I guess Senator McGovern was a Communist then too, but he isn't any more."

I wasn't there, but I can imagine the ashen expression on Al Lowenstein's face, and the mike clutching that must have gone on. Al explained to the students that Senator McGovern had never been a Communist. Never ever was he a Communist. Neither—I might add—was Henry Wallace a Communist. He

was simply a dupe of the Communists, who were in full control of his presidential bid in 1948. And George McGovern was similarly a dupe of the Communists in 1948, and he has said plenty in recent months to convince one that he was not, alas, scarred by the experience . . .

And Al concluded, "Anybody who says that [McGovern was a Communist] is speaking out of ignorance. They are trying to confuse you." Obviously Lowenstein's animadversions were intended to float outside the hall and smite down all those people out there beyond the audience who out of ignorance, or out of a desire to confuse, are saying that McGovern had been a Communist. Actually, the only person I ever heard of who said McGovern had been a Communist was Kathleen Kennedy, standing there right next to Al Lowenstein. All very confusing.

BUT THE WORST was yet to be. Seeking to extricate herself from the general mess, Kathleen went back to the microphone and said: "Personally, I don't think you have to worry if someone's a Communist. Some people have one point of view, and other people have another point of view."

The all-American McGovern girl.

The newspaper reporter notes, "That was greeted with cheers and whistles, loud applause, and the stamping of feet." I note a passage from Hilaire Belloc. "We sit by and watch the Barbarian. We tolerate him. In the long stretches of peace we are not afraid. We are tickled by his irreverence, his comic inversion of our old certitudes and our fixed creed refreshes us; we laugh. But as we laugh we are watched by large and awful faces from beyond; and on these faces there is no smile." □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- A. City taken by Allenby, 1917
221 71 159 104 82 144 228 169 59
- B. Scene of heavy fighting on D Day
57 38 43 65 78 83 100 117 230 2
- C. Another name for Senlac, scene of a battle over 900 years ago
40 106 118 146 138 127 75 168
- D. Scene of heavy fighting on D Day
72 101 131 92 19 119 27 24
- E. A French military term (a striking group)
154 53 68 224 113 134 149 158 164 165
30 98 3
- F. Conflict where Florence Nightingale distinguished herself
201 36 108 161 66 163 190 209 220 79
- G. A Chinese port
227 172 222 103 137 37 8
- H. A treaty was signed here in 1713
31 150 142 47 15 184 194
- I. A battle was fought here in 1571
45 51 67 74 86 97 225
- J. A French term for conscription and mobilization of all citizens
145 6 121 126 130 156 166 173 187 12
205 213
- K. First name of man who took WORD R
176 231 202 9 96
- L. A town in Delaware (followed by Beach)
181 152 199 109 124 196 73 112
- M. Wedge-shaped marks on drawings to limit dimension lines
185 20 44 174 162 80 84 95 171 215
- N. A battle was fought here in 1800
22 128 153 115 212 188 180
- O. The scene of border clashes between Moroccans and Spaniards, 1957
11 35 61 88

- P. Text that is distinct from pictorial illustrations
170 14 32 39 42 50 105 114 120 139
274
- Q. To receive from ancestors by genetic transmission
195 226 87 122 223 132 140
- R. A fort that was captured in 1775 by WORD K
208 46 52 91 110 167 41 123 133 148
204
- S. City taken by Sulla, 86 B.C.
218 183 116 189 206 18
- T. To restore by repairing or replacing parts
10 16 102 141 175 217 229 4 93 147
186
- U. Scene of three battles during World War I
143 129 155 191 48
- V. Straighten out DON SMITH
203 135 197 90 219 207 89 211
- W. Ran ahead of and provided blocking for ball carrier (in football)
210 13 49 85 54 178 182 192 26 34
- X. Indian tribe of which Tecumseh was chief
56 151 193 198 136 125 157
- Y. The Frankish king of Austrasia during early part of the sixth century
64 5 33 177 55 69 25 76 99 111
- Z. John Brown was driven out of this place in 1856
63 17 60 1 81 107 160 179 200 216
- x. Shallow or rocky places in a stream
7 28 58 62 70
- z. Opens wide
21 23 77 94 29

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acoustic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 760 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 Z	2 B	3 E	4 T	5 Y	6 J	7 x		8 G	9 K	10 T		11 O	12 J		13 W	14 P	15 H	16 T	17 Z
18 S	19 D	20 M	21 z		22 N	23 z	24 D		25 Y	26 W		27 D	28 x	29 z	30 E	31 H	32 P	33 Y	34 W
	35 O	36 F	37 G	38 B		39 P	40 C	41 R		42 P	43 B	44 M	45 I	46 R	47 H	48 U	49 W		50 P
51 I	52 R	53 E	54 W	55 Y	56 x		57 B	58 x		59 A	60 Z	61 O		62 x	63 Z		64 Y	65 B	66 F
	67 I	68 E	69 Y	70 x	71 A	72 D	73 L		74 I	75 C	76 Y		77 z	78 B	79 F		80 M	81 Z	82 A
	83 B	84 M	85 W	86 I		87 Q	88 O	89 V		90 V	91 R	92 D	93 T	94 z	95 H	96 K	97 I		98 E
99 Y	100B	101D	102T	103G	104A	105P	106C	107Z	108F	109L	110R		111Y	112L	113E	114P	115N		116S
117B	118C		119D	120P	121J	122Q	123R		124L	125X	126J	127C		128N		129U	130J	131D	132Q
133R	134E		135V	136X		137G	138C	139P	140Q	141T	142H	143U		144A	145J	146C	147T	148R	149E
150H	151X	152L	153N		154E	155U	156J	157X		158E	159A	160Z	161F		162M	163F	164E		165E
166J	167R		168C	169A	170P	171M	172G	173J		174M	175T	176K		177Y	178W		179Z	180N	181L
182W		183S	184H	185M	186T		187J		188N	189S	190F	191U	192W	193X	194H	195Q	196L	197V	
198X	199L	200Z	201F	202K		203V	204R	205J		206S	207V	208R		209F	210W	211V	212N	213J	214P
215M	216Z	217T		218S		219V	220F	221A	222G	223Q		224E	225I	226Q	227G	228A	229T	230B	231K

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